



PURITAN

\$895


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How Young is Too Young?

Let's Hottest Blond

Bailing For Petrodollars
Spill Biz Sex Secrets
Entire Contents On Back

Special Swingers Issue

Puritan Discovers! Newest Superstars!
News, Interviews, Films For Swingers, Ads, Sexy Gifts
Malcolm Braly's Fiction, Maron Vassil's Comments



Puritan is a way of life. Honest loving sensual explorations in sexuality are an important part of the Puritan Lifestyle. We believe that the end of sexual repression is a necessary step toward the end of violence and the beginning of real peace.

Send your love
and opinions to
PURITAN LETTERS
834 Hamilton Mall
Allentown, Pa.
18101

Previously unpublished photographs from Raffaelli's Little Women (Puritan #2)

**"...what really got
my balls aching was
Raffaelli's Little Women."**

Dear Puritan: My girlfriend gave me a copy of your magazine as a "gag" for my birthday. Little did she know (or maybe she did!) that it was just about the best present I've ever received! I've been a porn addict ever since I peeped my socks to my dad's collection at age thirteen. But I have never seen anything like Puritan #2. It is by far the hottest, sexiest piece of erotica I have ever had the pleasure of looking at.

The entire magazine is great. But what really got my balls aching was Raffaelli's incredible spread called "Little Women." Just thinking about it now is giving me a hard-on! Those two sweet young things are so innocent, so hot! Where, oh where, did he find them? The girls themselves are such a cutie-pie that even after reading and rereading the magazine, I keep flipping back to them for more. But something also must be said for the actual quality of the pictures—it is truly top! Mr. Raffaelli should be commended and recognized as a real master of erotic photography.

Please, Puritan—don't stop! The sex obsession with which I read your next issue cannot be expressed in words. Jerking off was never like this before! (My girlfriend likes it, too!)

Yours truly,
Ramon Vega
NY, NY

**"more beautiful
cocksuckers"**

Dear Puritan: I've just been introduced to your fine publication by way of #2, but living in the sticks as I do, I can't be sure whether that's the last one out, so I wanted to check.

Speaking of French, let's have more beautiful cocksuckers and more oral carnalities; the more, the better!

As for #2: I enjoyed the Lance Ritten interview (but is he for real?), Marco Vaini, and "Jesousay and Possessionem" (which I felt could have been longer). Of course, I only read the articles, but I couldn't help noticing the fine photography in "Baby Face" (like to see her in action?), "Cocksucker", the cover photo, and of course, Raffaelli

(where would you be without him?). Keep up the good work—
—you've got a winner on your hands!
J.E. Robert Renna, Michigan

"Mr. Seeman... has brought us sensuality..."

Dear Puritan: Congratulations to Ed Seeman for "Skin Dance"...Erotic Poetry in Motion! This is truly erotic art as it should be: sensual, fluid, and warm! Too often what passes for "erotic" is merely pornography, a sleazy photo of a body on a page. Mr. Seeman has transcended that kind of crassness and has brought us sensuality and sexuality on the printed page. The models are lovely, the production quality impeccable... And I am ecstatic! Could he be as one more ardent admirer.

Myren Butterworth
Terre Haute, IN

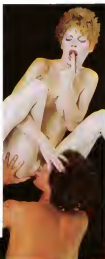


PHOTOGRAPH BY EDEM SEEMAN
CAPTION: DONUT JONES

"...us bakers...
hot over your latest issue"

Dear Puritan! The average person may not think of a bagel baker as being the most sexy person around, but we're here to tell you that that's not true! A bunch of us bakers here in Miami got so hot over your latest issue (#2) that we couldn't wait to stick our doughs into the nearest hot oven! Anyway, the main thing we're writing to you folks about is the thing that's closest to our hearts and pouches—you guessed it—Bagels. We loved the beautiful "Bagel Sculpture" you printed so much that we had it enlarged and framed and it is now proudly gracing our previously un-erotic kitchen! We may whip up some mouth-watering concoctions for the taste buds, but your hot bagels put anything we could cook up to shame. Our compliments to the chef...

The Bagel Bakery Kitchen Crew
Miami, Florida (see us page #3)



"I came relatively late in life to organized swinging," says America's foremost erotic writer. "I spent the first forty years figuring out my own psychic and emotional problems, the patterns of coupling, small group dynamics and all the erotic sideshows in the gay and straight worlds. I am happier and more comfortable as a swinger than I have been in any other metasexual way of life. I found, however, that swingers do not have any articulated philosophy of swinging, and this piece is intended as a first step toward filling that gap."

A Primer For Swingers

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY



—by Marco Vassi—

I. definitions

"Swing: to shift or fluctuate from one condition, form, position, or object of attention or favor to another."

—Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary

A. A Swing. A group of more than two people gathered together at a specified time and place in order to get naked, go high and get down.

B. To Swing. Not only to attend swings, but to admit to a lifestyle in which swinging serves as a primary erotic identity.

C. A Swinger. A person who accepts that one's selectivity is indistinguishable from wide access.

D. Swinging. Entering into the spirit of the swing (*à la Schwabengasse*), also, living by the principle that there is no fixed limit on the number of metasexual partners one may have in a lifetime, nor on the number of people that may engage in any single metasexual act.

These definitions are not intended as dictates but as a framework in relation to which swinging may be discussed, understood and practiced.

II. categories

A. Swing Size.

- (1) Intimate: Three to eight people;
- (2) Small: From ten to twenty people;
- (3) Medium: From twenty-five to forty;
- (4) Large: More than fifty people.

B. Swing Structure.

- (1) Formal: Not all of the people have swung together before;
- (2) Informal: All of the people have swung together before.

C. Swing Ambience.

- (1) Random: The people are left to their own devices in an environment that contains at least one room or space for socialization and foreplay and a room or space for sucking-and-fucking.
- (2) Ritual: The encounter is contained and informed by some metaphorical vision and activity—aristic, religious, scientific, magical and/or tribal.

Each swing, therefore, can be designated by three terms, e.g., Small Formal Random, Medium Informal Ritual, or at. There are, then, sixteen types in all.

III. manners

A. Negativity. The emotions and feelings of jealousy, envy and self-pity are best dealt with by one's being evolved to a level of maturity where they do not arise and, if they do arise, by knowing how to absorb and/or discharge them without making a fuss or producing tears, on the mental, moral and subtle as well as physical planes.

B. Venereal Disease. The only sure way to deal with contagious diseases of this sort is to form a circle of swingers which remains closed until it is certain that no infection is circulating and which then adds only those new members who come in with a clean bill of health and who accept the necessary far group fidelity; otherwise, one must rely on good faith, simple precautions and luck.

C. Intrusion and Oppression. It is absolutely essential to respect a refusal, to withdraw at once and without reason; it is perhaps even more important to have the sensitivity to know when a refusal would



...“Hey Immie, wonder if we
could each have a little piece?”



IMOGENE: SALVATION

"She was a whore just like Sammy Bowen was a hare-lip and Barbara Ashton was the spelling champion... no judgments intended, just a statement of fact."

"The ultimate whore"

one of my wisest friends once said, "costs only in the depths of our mind or in the great pornographic novels." Now, to a large extent, it depends on how you define the word "whore." If you want to talk about the quintessential sexual female, the ultimate dispenser of carnal pleasures in quantity and quality beyond a man's ability to imagine, then yes, she costs only as an image. But if you're talking about a girl who'd put it to anybody, any time, no questions asked, no favors required, then Imogene filled the bill. Maybe this doesn't match everybody's understanding of what it is to be a whore. My learned friend would look at me and say "Ah, but she's not a whore untrammled as she asked no compensation. One might properly describe her as a nymphomaniac."

Perhaps, but back in Arcadia, where I grew up in the late thirties, we didn't know such words. Imogene was a whore, but there was no malice in the word. She was a whore just like Sammy Bowen was a hare-lip and Barbara Ashton was the spelling champion of our high school. No judgments intended, just a statement of fact. It was her function in our little society, her nature-d'fore. Miss Cynthia Carter gave piano lessons and Imogene fucked. If you wanted piano lessons you went to Miss Cynthia, if you wanted a fuck, you went to Imogene. They were the only ones in town in those respective businesses. That is the way it is in a small town. There's lots of speculation.

Imogene was the oldest of three daughters of Miss Alice Ford. Nobody in my age group knew her old man. He was always "on the road" somewhere and Miss Alice kept a roof over their heads by doing reweaving, mending, alterations and, in general, working like a Trojan. The two little girls were considerably younger than Imogene. I remember them nicely as little blonde rag dolls with ratty noses, pulling on each other's dresses as they slogged along some dirt side street after Imogene.

Imogene was a tall, skinny kid I remember her from my first day in first grade. She was her peers. It seemed even then that her principal claim-to-fame lay somewhere in her unsightly region. She was shy and a little backwards, at least in

In a small New England town, a young

reading. To be honest, she wasn't really very smart but she could remember things that people told her, like birthdays, and the lunch-line rules, and what had played at the Arcade Theatre four Saturdays before, and all sorts of trivia like that.

BACK THEN IN ARCADIA, there was no such thing as a junior high school. We went directly from elementary school to high school in one big jump which occurred simultaneously with puberty. It was coming of age like you couldn't believe. Recreational time was played out in the shower room in which we all chased off our pubic hair and told enormous lies about who we'd fucked and how. But in a small town, after six months, we all knew we were lying through our teeth.

But Imogene was coming into her own. She filled the carnal vacuum Arnie Costello got a first and he told everybody about it. Imogene wasn't the greatest looking girl in the eighth grade and her eyes had a disquieting way of getting glassy when you talked to her. But her face had a cute sweet look and she was developing a fairly nice pair of tits. And she didn't have scars. A Barbara Ashton, she wasn't, but then Barbara didn't fuck, and if what Arnie said was true, Imogene did.

SPRING HAD FINALLY arrived and with the first warm day, I was hit by an overwhelming wave of horniness. Jack Wilsh and I were trying to catch minnow from the bridge like we'd done since we were eight, but this year, it had lost its magic. "Jesus, I'm so horny I'd fuck a snake," Jack said as he threw the second minnow back into the muddy water. "Let's go look up Imogene and see if Combs will hand us a parcel of shit."

The idea hit me wrong. I'd never really taken it up face to face because Imogene always scared me a little bit. But, by then, after uncounted fitzzy-orgasms over Anne Sullivan in my algebra class, I'd given up on the idea that I'd ever get any from her. I was now face-to-face with the real-life of it. It was probably Imogene or nobody. "Hell, yeah," I said with a certain bravado I didn't really feel. "I'm game. Let's go 'round to her house and see if we can find her."

We stood out in the dirt street in front of her yellow-painted frame house and hid behind our fishing lines and trying to look like we had some business there. But in a very little while she opened the screen door and peered out at us. I thought I'd die right then. I was face to face with it. We'd have to ask her or admit that we were just a couple of scared kids. She came out wearing a tan cotton dress and not



much more and smiled warily at us.

"Wanna take a walk with us, Imogene?" I said in my most noncommittal voice. "Take down by the creek," I hastily added, so that we wouldn't get side-tracked by going upstream.

We walked all the way down the creek bank until we were out of sight of the road. Jack and I both kept our hands to ourselves, afraid to touch. We were all sort of quiet. Finally, Jack got his courage renewed up. As I remember, he was beautifully and crudely direct.

"Hey, Imogene, wonder if we could each have a little piece?"

It must have worked because the next thing I remember was Imogene stooping out of her dress and squatting carefully as she sat down naked on the damp moss. I took a measurement of all the things she had which I'd only seen in dirty pictures. There they were, two tits and a patch of thin yellow hair at the top of her belly.

"I brought two rubbers," she said matter-of-factly, fishing out the pocket of her dress. "That's why I went back in. I couldn't tell from upstairs whether there was one or two of you."

"Jesus," I thought. I couldn't believe how easy it was.

Imogene first looked squarely at me and then at Jack. "I ain't got much money and these things cost me a quarter a pack if I buy them from the women down the street. So from now on, you got to bring your own, okay?"

IN ARCADIA

by Warner DeVries

boy learns about Love... the easy way.

Screwing Imogene was Jack's idea as he waited first crack at her. He slipped his cowboy pants down around his knees and crawled on top of her. I remember thinking how funny he looked, his white ass bobbing up and down while she lay flat out on the ground, her legs spread wide apart. Pretty soon Jack's ass started to move faster while Imogene stared expressionless up at the blue sky above her. Then it was my turn. Although I wasn't as hard as I wanted to be, it only took me a minute. The rubber gave me a few problems and I panicked for a moment, wondering if I could get into her right. But she was wet so I went in easy. I didn't want her to know it was my first time.

THAT WAS THE FIRST OF maybe a hundred times I humped Imogene over the next four years. I and everyone else I knew got it with four or five other guys. We got it behind the Wagner paragon and down in old man Benson's corn crib. Later I got her in the back seat of my Oldsmobile and in the back of Charlie Cannover's pickup truck. She got better as time went along. Finally she learned to wrap her legs around somebody when he fucked her. Everyone was surprised and gratified by this. We discussed it in detail after gym.

Imogene was never alone. She started from the little blonde know-nothing of a few years before into one of the most sought after girls in Arcadia. When we finally all had driver's licenses, she was never without a date on a Saturday night. Boys came over from Creston, twenty miles up the highway, to drive her out to some back road. She knew everybody by name and always compared us to everybody else. "You know, he's a little longer than you are, but you move your ass faster," she once said to me.

Through my junior and senior years in high school, I got it on with her at least once a week. The only thing Imogene ever wanted on was the rubber. Someone had told her that she'd never get knocked up if she always made it in with a rubber. And she believed it as an article of faith. Imogene may not have been very smart but she was practical. It was our good luck that Arnie worked at Benson's Pharmacy after school and supplied the whole student body with quantities of Sheela at three for thirty-five.

BUT ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON just before graduation, as I was feeling bored with life in general and sort of horny, with a couple of hours before dinner, I decided to go over and look up Imogene. I'd had her Friday night but that was with Arnie and Charlie Bebeck who was kind of an ass anyway and I was beginning to think it

was kind of crude to share it too many ways. I found her sitting on the wooden porch of her house, staring blankly out at the street.

"Hey Imogene," I said. "Want to take a little walk?" "Can't," she said with a sort of finality about it. I thought for a second, "She's probably in her period."

"Come on anyhow. You can jack me off if you want to." Imogene was also famous for her hand jobs, even when she wasn't in her period.

"Nape. No hand job. Besides," she said making her point, "I could fuck you. I'd want to. I ain't bleeding yet. Not 'til Wednesday."

"Well what the hell, Imogene," I said, looking like I couldn't believe it, "if you haven't started yet, what's the matter?"

"I don't believe in it no more."

"Don't believe in what? Hand jobs?"

"Don't believe in fucking no more."

"Well, for shit's sake, what do you mean? How are you going to do it if you don't believe it... I mean... well for crying out loud, Imogene." I caught myself up, running dry mouth for words.

"Just like I said. It ain't right to do it unless you're married to the fellow you're doing it to. Now you got to excuse me. I got to go start dinner."

That was all there was to it. She stood up slowly, stretched, and wandered into the house like she was on a date. The screen door slammed behind her. It also slammed on a chapter of my life.

THE WORD GOT AROUND slowly at first... about what had happened, and why it happened.

Billy Ward struck out about an hour after I did on the same afternoon and Christian Larson later the same evening. By Tuesday, everybody knew about it and rumors spread through the whole school. Billy speculated that she had come down with some nice disease which caused her genitals to grow numb. Wiliah thought that she was in love and was planning to marry some guy. Miss Kriemler, who had an uncle on the police force, was sure that the cops had threatened to run her in for vagrancy or something. But it took Arnie to find out what had really happened. He either got mad as hell at her and she was scared not to tell him, or maybe she just felt sorry for him. A half-dozen of us were sitting around behind the school at lunch hour, smoking a smoke.

"Jesus," he said, shaking his head. "I don't know if she'll ever put out any more," he told us. "She's gone and joined that Jehovah's Witnesses church out on Route Four. That's what he told the trouble is. She's gone and got religion. That son-of-a-bitch!" little preacher out there's

"Jack's ass started moving faster while Imogene stared expressionlessly up at the blue sky above her. Then it was my turn..."

gone and filled her up with all this sin crap about the way she's been thrown" it all over town."

Man looked sick. "You mean she's not ever going to put out no more?"

Arnie looked superior and all-knowing. "I don't expect she will as long as she's got religion. Least-wise not unless somebody'd come along and marry her. You get balls enough to marry her, Max?"

Billy Ward, who by most accounts was the last guy to have her before the monstrosity, put his head down in his hands, a look of agonized disbelief on his face. "Holy shit! It just can't be possible!"

Chris Larsen, who always had a flair with words even back then, put the whole issue in perspective. "Jesus, I just can't see the justice in it, fellows. That god-damned four-eyed preacher just took away the one and only talent that poor thing had in this whole world."

I SUPPOSE IT COULD HAVE been worse. It could have happened in our junior rather than our senior year. Then we'd have had twelve more months without a lay. But as it was, the flames didn't last too long. A lot of us got married right after we graduated, married to the girls who needed a ring before the first bump could be undone. As for me, I went off to the state university and learned about a whole new species of girl, the kinds who were uptight bras and heavy perfumes and who would press your hand into the incredible stiffness of a damp crech. I learned to do it at post-mortem Imogene would never have thought of.

But this isn't to say that my ones with Imogene weren't worthwhile. There was something exciting about dropping your knickers for a quick one while three or four of your buddies were hawking you on. She was my basic trainer, safe, sane, dependable, and above all, predictable. She imposed no undue strains on fragile adolescent male psyches. Nor did Imogene's psyche seem to suffer, despite the casual contempt of upright guys and the polite disapproval of some hypocritical adults.

Eventually she married an older man, an electrician from over in Creston, and rumor has it they're very happy. I hope her young wives provided the same sort of youthful service later on for our old brothers. Imogene was a pioneer of her times. We always need girls like her. □





CONFESSIONS OF A PORN CONSUMER

by Bill Stein

A Smart Man once said, "If God doesn't destroy 42nd Street, He owes Sodom and Gomorrah an apology." But then again, peep shows and porn flicks offered me the opportunity to find out just how kinked I really was. Once I accepted the premise that it was O.K. for me to beat my one-eyed brother in a booth on Forty Deuce, then the only challenge left was to find out at which point my dick would howl, "Enough!" Thanks to the magic of movies, I made my way through straight fucking, sodomy and S&M. Would I stop there or go on to greatness? How fucking warped was I?

OF COURSE JERKING OFF IN a movie theatre or a peep show is not as simple an act as it seems. For obvious reasons the day I became 16 years old was a turning point. I boldly walked into a dirty book store from whose premises I had previously been ejected and selected a stroke book. Ready for the owner to try to ke me again I went to the cashier with my book. He was going to find out he couldn't fuck with me anymore. Instead, he put my purchase in a bag, looked up, smiled and said, "Happy Birthday."

From that day on I really began to explore 42nd Street. No more going to Brennan's for high class pornography, Man and Maid, The Story of O, The Secret Life of French Hens. I wanted real unsanitized filth. To be able to flip through a book with large letters, stopping at random on a page filled with such sentences as: "Agghhh!" She and while

sucking on his throbbing tool."

And with my entry into the world of written filth could fuck movies be far behind? For \$3 I would go into the Geneva Theatre in uptown New York and review dirty movies for the local newspaper. It was a fairly boring assignment because the movies were all soft core. I still cannot figure out how someone can simulate sex. Neither could the audience. Finally there was a breakthrough, *Monsieur Virgin Nymph*. From the title I thought this might be the first religious porno movie ever made.

In the show, Mons would not let anyone fuck her, but boy would she give head. Midway through the show she dragged a stranger off the street and into an alley. After she finished sucking him off, a close up showed sperm dribbling down her chin. It was a cinematic first for this genre, in fact I was so moved, I stood up and applauded. It was as if I had just witnessed Pete Rose break Joe DiMaggio's consecutive game hitting streak.

The Spell of Slow Dancing

by S.A. Moon

“MOST MEN GIVE LOUSY HEAD, ...IF THEY CAN BRING THEMSELVES TO DO IT AT ALL.”

She sat loosely slouched in her oversized workshirt, one leg propped defiantly across her knee, daring me to stare at her crotch.

She peered down and gave herself a pat: “Isn’t that right, my friend?”

“Maybe you’ve just been hanging around the wrong men.”

“Well, I’ll tell you, I’m sick and tired of sucking cock and getting screwed and then having to jack off to get mine. Women do it better. When Sally goes down on me I know she cares. Fuck fuckers, man.”

I shrugged, “Who knows? You might be right.”

I wasn’t about to argue. Diane interested me and her habit of sometimes walking about topless aroused me, but I’d set an informal rule that I didn’t ball roommates.

So during the next few weeks one part of me was not especially happy to realize I was growing rather fond of this vaguely obnoxious and thoroughly engaging pseudo-lesbian. Our rooms happened to be side by side on the sec-

ond floor and the wall did little to muffle her throaty cries of pleasure when she and her girlfriends played. Or when the swerving hum of her vibrator culminated late at night in rapid clumpings of mattress on bedframe.

I tried to assume she was not deliberately taunting me. And Diane’s inscrutable expression gave me no clue. I even closed my mind to the implications of her tapping on my door, naked, asking to borrow a book. Nudity was not unusual around the place. We had a sauna-hot tub, and no one thought much about it.

One night I brought home a recent acquaintance, happily expecting to get righteously laid. As we stepped into the living room arm in arm I halted abruptly, gripped in an electric paralysis at the incredible sight before us. Scrack in the center of the floor with her magnificent ass upstilled and held firmly in Diane’s hands was the *lesbian Sally*, her legs thrown out in a flying V while Diane’s head shook vigorously back and forth between them.

Sally regarded us glaze-eyed, then shut her eyes.

The lady I was with was properly freaked, but she also seemed impressed by my bizarre lifestyle, as she called it.



I smoothed my hands lightly along her pectoral bolts, molding her small and firm breasts in my palms, feeling strange about the subtly apologetic glance she gave me, as if she were sorry hers were not larger. What could I say? I thought about Diane, wondering just how rigidly some people behave even in the midst of what they laughingly call sexual liberation. Just doing a whole lot more of the same thing in the wrong way is hardly sexual freedom. Women still expect so little. Except renegades like Diane. "Fuck Fuckers." No wonder.

Giving the young woman who'd sucked me so nearly half a rumble of wine, I encountered her comfortably against the headboard. I felt her uneasiness when I settled below; her moist, ruffled pussy now the center of my attention. I savored her rich, sensual odor, it brought to mind thoughts of autumn sunshine. I carefully eased apart her separated flesh.

"You don't have to do that," she said.

"I want to."

"Maybe I should wash."

"Forget it. You're just right."

She looked at me curiously, finished her wine and shifted her butt. Her thighs relaxed perceptibly and my tongue began to explore, tasting delicate crevices, feeling her different textures. As she relaxed she rested her head back and braced, and the tender flesh at the top of her cunt swelled with the stiffening of her clit beneath.

By the time I drove her home, cuddled happily next to me, early the next morning, I had spent nearly the entire night with my face immersed in its favorite place and we had managed to elicit from that succulent, intimate garden a truly prodigious number of orgasms. After the first two or three, she abandoned herself to the pleasure in a. Prols shoved outward, she'd clutch handfuls of mons and pubic hair so that her reddened clitoris stood out. Without inhibition she panted, "I'm getting near." " then guided me with words until the new waves washed through.

Each time she would decide this was the last, but she never resisted when I insured on meandering down there. And then once again she'd be on her way, her vagina trickling clear nectar. She worked her clitoris with deftly sensitive fingers, showing me how she liked to be masturbated while I teased my tongue.

As grey morning light seeped into the room, she refused to move, lying on her stomach warily spreading her cheeks for me.

"Fuck me in the butt," she said, "I might come again."



“Moira and Diane managed to
rub their pussies together.”

She didn't, of course. She felt like when even in my cock-plugged anal her vag was, and later wouldn't believe that I'd done it until she stuck a finger inside and felt my sperm. Then she was happy.

THAT AFTERNOON, DIANE WAS PLAYING WITH ONE OF THE dogs out in the yard.

“Burry about last night,” she said, trying not to smile. “I mean we didn’t cramp your style.”

“Not at all.”

My eyes lingered on her flecked face, stretched up in the sun, just a moment longer than usual, and I wondered just what she was thinking.

During the following weeks, when we were both around, Diane avoided me. She had taken a temporary wartime job and I was spending a lot of time away from the house, rehearsing with a band which never did get off the ground. We passed in the hallway occasionally with quick hellos. Sometimes at night I heard a faint beeping from the direction of her room; she must have been doing it under the covers.

It might seem accidentally in the kitchen and there the food we made, as we drinking coffee a while. She seemed subdued somehow and I found myself balancing precariously on unknown feelings that alternated between detachment and a tender attraction. At times I felt a twinge as characteristic shyness and caught myself rehearsing what I would say to her the next time we happened to meet. It was wrong.

One evening Diane knocked at my door, asking to borrow something light to read. She was dressed. I opened her to my and said, but she declined.

Leaves came and went. Caroline, a political science student, stayed with me for a month. She was very serious and liked her to fuck with the light on or just a candle burning. She would cling to me with all her might, whispering, “Don’t fuck your whole prick,” thinking I liked it. And no matter how hard I wanted it since her she begged me to do it harder.

I thought that only happened in paperback.

Caroline also liked to be spanked. She’d indulge for a minute as when the thought was a perverse mood. I was to grab her up, rip her pants down and shove as many fingers as I could into her vagina while I watched the body roll out of her ass. It made her come. I didn’t mind. I mean, whatever. Nothing like a little excitement.

Then she started “Daddy’s” rock. I don’t particularly like being called that. It bothers me to see people looked one one fantasy. But it came with the territory, it’s not pretty when you can get used to under the right conditions.

I noticed Diane was bringing guys home these days. I had to question my feelings about this one—was this just old happy endings?

“Hm.”

She never let them stay the night. She’d give them a back, screw them, and what’s your hurry? Right out the door. Sure, it seemed to me, might have been worth

hanging onto, when not so. What was the deal? She averaged about three a week, interrupted with a couple of her regular women friends. Now she started her eyes when we met and it was strange to think she was the same person who so casually used to burp in, drop her pants and pee when I was in the tub.

And why did I care, damn it?

All the pussy-making stopped abruptly when Moira of the incredibly deep and penetrating voice arrived. There was a renewed spring in Diane’s step. Lastly, glowing results of love-making night came from her room at any hour. She quit her job.

They hung onto each other wherever they were, speak up each other’s knee and getting a lot. Cuddled together they’d watch TV downstairs. Moira eyed me, the camp, with the suspicious defiance I’d seen in Diane when we first met. But Diane would only look calmly at me and lay her head on her new friend’s shoulder, then place her hand affectionately over the dark gap’s, where it rested at Diane’s breast under her towel shirt.

I’d be in bed listening to the hum of double windows and the screams of automobiles and finally orgasm, decide to jerk off, give it up, and turn over to sleep. One night I came home fucked up. As I walked past Diane’s room, I saw her door was open. There they were, all crumpled like some sexual protest, obvious. I’d never have passed to worry but I was not drunk, but I was.

Moira and Diane had stopped, ran off half sitting side by side, to rub their pussies together. They were holding hands with fingers laced tightly, bouncing and squaring about as they stared steadily into one another’s eyes, mouths slack, breasts bobbing.

They looked to sweat, rolled away with themselves and sweating profusely, then I couldn’t help doing my alcohol-soaked heart itself—as well as my cock. Upon entering we exchanged and moments later the two women had rolled apart and lay on their sides in furious sexual monomania. We’re looking can never described me. Their eyes were shut, bodies straining to test other race, then contracting as the damn broke.

I slipped into the bathroom and came within maybe twenty seconds, wiping it off the walls and under with meticulous cleanliness afterwards.

INEXPLICABLY, MOIRA DISAPPEARED, TOO. I WAS NOT SEEING ANYONE.

On an early winter evening, it happened that Jack, another guy who was living there, Diane and I sat around the kitchen table talking. We passed a joint. Jack was going on about his recent conquests and with just a hint of that smug of him, Diane stopped him up, asking pointed questions which only momentarily irritated him before he dismissed them.

For some reason I’ve never liked talking about my sex partners. Oh, I’ve done it, but mostly comparing my partners or quacks—out of curiosity. Even then I’ve felt extremely uncomfortable. It always seems a betrayal of trust.

So many men brag about their awfully ordinary sex partners, or they want to put women down. Which, when you think about it, amounts to about the same thing. I suppose my strong dislike sounds like boasting, putting the men down. Tough shit. I like what I like. —Dave in NYC

Workout

Photographer: Rona Vere





























Bananas & Cream Cheesecake Queen



Is she or isn't he? You'd best not ask The Queen directly. If you like the present arrangement of your facial features, *she* was a thing of beauty is a joy forever.

Or at least until this thing is dethroned, and anyone can dethrone our Queen, because the Bananas & Cream Beauty Contest has neither age nor sex nor indeed beauty requirements. To win, your entry merely needs to exemplify the deliciously bizarre essence of Bananas & Cream.

We'll pay \$100 for the photo selected as winner in each issue. Send color slides or snapshots of yourself or a friend, along with a signed release giving us the right to publish your photo. Be sure to include a self-addressed postage if you wish your photo returned. Send all your weird submissions to: Bananas & Cream Cheesecake Queen, c/o Puntan, 634 Hamilton Mall, Allentown, Pa. 18101.

YELLOW FEVER B &

We, the editors of *Bananas* and *Cream*, were delighted to discover we weren't the only elites to a certain Freudian phallic preoccupation. Lots of people are going bananas! Like the upright, pointed pyramids of Egypt, these exquisite, familiarly shaped objects appear to evade some overwhelming, mysterious power, a power which makes people want to create and celebrate. (And touch and fondle and eat.)

Now we hear that in San Francisco, self-named bananasophile Anna Banana (a.k.a. "Town Fool of Victoria") has been organizing banana events for some time. Sporting an elegant banana costume she created, Mrs. Banana spends much of her time at current banana events, or busily compiling the *Enyclopedia Bananica*. This tasteful lady devotes her whole life to the long, yellow, rod-like fruit: she also publishes a banana newspaper, called the *Banana Rap*, and was responsible for the San Francisco Banana Olympics of 1975. If any of you have something long and sweet, Anna might like to get her hands on it. You can get in touch with her at

Banana Productions, 1983 Church Street, San Francisco, California 94114. Not for the fashion conscious. If you thought the paper dresses of the sixties were a real novelty—you ain't seen nothin' till you see the fabulous "Banana Coat" designed by Jamie Reasmussen for La Palma. Whoever said there's anything wrong with being fruity?



Scientists working in the Antarctic recently found a cosmic sperm cell. The scientists were examining a "type 2 carbonaceous chondrite" meteorite, collected a few months ago from McMurdo Sound. Unlike the 300 other meteorites gathered, this one was heavily laden with "prabiologic substances," including amino acids, the building blocks of life.

According to experts, this discovery supports the theory that life on earth might actually have grown from "outside" landing here from outer space, countless eons ago. Why? Well, we are, of course, interested in the newest proof of the "Big Bang" theory, we're not so sure we'd like to see the Cosmic Cock big

enough to shoot that far. And even though this new discovery supports the biblical concept of the Creator being masculine, does this sperm from outer space mean human life resulted from the biggest broken bag ever, or is it proof positive that even for the infallible Creator, the rhythm method doesn't always work?



SQUIRTING STAR



Shrinks on Head

Ever wonder what kinds of magazines the editors of *PURITAN* read for laughs? Why, medical journals, of course. Recently, we came across a real winner of a survey in a leading doctors' mag. The survey had the provocative title, "Current Thinking on Oral-Genital Sex: And who should know what people think better than psychiatrists, right?"

A group of attorneys were asked to put down what they thought their patients thought in terms of a variety of questions relating to the Mouth-on-Meat Problem. The answers were all pretty predictable, until we got to "Do most couples who practice oral-genital sex consider it acceptable as part of foreplay but not as a substitute for coitus?" A whopping 88% of the shrinks polled said that their patients thought oral sex was fine only if they afterwards came by tucking!

That got us worried, and an informal poll of our friends only made us suspect we know some weirdo people. Believe it or not,

just about everyone we asked, male and female, young and old, could remember plenty of times when he or she had been left bright-eyed and bushy-tailed just by getting some head and nothing but head!

We decided to commit ourselves to the Ivory Sin. But in *Puritan*, we started thumbing through the article's back pages, and luckily got to the editor's commentary on the polled psychiatrists. I am forced to a rather unhappy conclusion: "the editor mourned. 'It seems to me painfully evident that we psychiatrists do not really know very much about the particular area of sexual behavior. I am willing to wager five dollars that any psychiatrist who actually asks his patients this question will find that the majority of them don't care a bit whether the oral-genital sex is foreplay or a substitute for coitus.'"

Wow! Instead of the funny farm, we directed the taxi to a friend's house, where we ate and were taken to our demented heart's content.



Dope Snoop Gets the Boot

Officer La Dur was a hard bupreme. According to his partner, Rick Grimm, La Dur was great at sniffing out evidence, finding drugs, pursuing suspects. In 1977 he was named Officer of the Year by the Orlando, Florida Police Department. But recently, La Dur was retired from the Florida force after only 18 months of duty, on a charge of cowardice. And if he

wants to protect the ruling, he'll have to go to the ASPCA. You see, La Dur is a 2½-year-old Shнауzer. According to Grimm, La Dur was great at everything but actually catching dopers. "He always chews on me in practice," says Grimm. "But he knew it wasn't the real thing." We aren't so sure about that. Maybe La Dur was just a tricky eater, with a preference for pig

Andy Warhol immortalized the story in print. And now you, for only \$25,000, can rest in peace and iniquity beside the one and only Marilyn Monroe. At the moment, the space beside the late Hollywood sex symbol's grave is owned and unoccupied by twenty-five-year-old Lynn Carter of Hollywood, Ca. It is a coffin-sized crypt in a mausoleum well in West Los Angeles Memorial Park in West Los Angeles. Ms. Carter explains, "I bought it from a man who wanted side-to-side space for himself and his wife in another cemetery—it was more or less an investment." "If you're interested in this rate offer, you'd better hurry and make your bid, since Ms. Carter hunts that one of Marilyn's three husbands has already expressed interest in sleeping with MM until Gabriel blows his horn.

**B
&
C**

ETERNAL BLISS

IS IT IN YET?



Wonderful news from those five folks who brought you The Pill: The Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology developed the first birth control pill for women, along with all its unpleasant side effects. Now, twenty-three years later, they're almost ready to do the same service for men. Recently, the Foundation announced they have been working on a new birth control technique which has so far been successful with male test animals.

This new way to fool Mother Nature is a plastic tube fitted with the hormone prostaglandin. The tube is placed in the scrotum (maybe your scrotum, not ours) where it drip drip drips the hormone, resulting in sterility for six months at a time. According to researchers, the test animals showed no decrease in sex drive when treated with the hormone. Then again, test animals are notoriously horny creatures, probably because there's no much to do in a laboratory cage but fuck.

And don't any of you men go running down to the local drug store with sac in hand. Tests of the new plastic hormone insert haven't even begun on human subjects. Probably the researchers are still trying to calculate just how heavy a hammer they'll need to bang the hormone tube into a scrotum.



THE DISCO MINSTRELS OF **LE CLIQUE**

Beyond Chopped Liver

A contortionist in a bejeweled corset and a stripper wrapped in fur—a fire-eating magician and a Tennessee Santa Claus, a western singer/poet and a “mobile statue” who can hold a frozen pose for hours—plus clowns and mimes and dancers. This is Le Clique, a New York based group calling itself “the first traveling theatrical disco.”

There's an endless quality to Le Clique: its performers might parading or a medieval Court. But of course Le Clique's as modern as the disco subculture which inspired its birth. Founders Steven Feinstein and Marlene Becker conceived of Le Clique as the next step in disco, turning the electronic tribal ritual into a “total experience” theatrical happening.

Le Clique holds each of its performance/parties in a new disco location, surprising its by invitation-only guests with a special theme for every party. But recently Le Clique graduated from just mounting its own affairs, to hiring out its services as well. Feinstein and Becker say they can provide their clients with disco party packages of any size and degree of complexity from a few individual performers to fully staffed and coordinated discos, to guest lists, to actually procuring the guests themselves. In short, Le Clique can give you the ultimate in disco affairs. Why? If pressed, they'd even provide the steaks, pastries, sandwiches.







PARTON'S BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER

Before she even had a chance to burst into song at the twelfth annual Country Music Association Awards in Nashville, the amply endowed Dolly Parton burst in the spurs instead. Sporting the usual skintight outfit, she just "busted the front" of her new dress, probably fulfilling the longtime fantasy of many a country western fan. Some drugs like cowboys came

to her rescue, though, and Dolly's mammoth gams were at least partially shielded behind 5-gallon hats, 2 acoustic guitars and a pickup truck. Typically, Dolly simply took the whole matter in stride, and went on to win the Entertainer of the Year Award. For those of you that missed the surprise occurrence, have faith good things come in pairs.

B&C

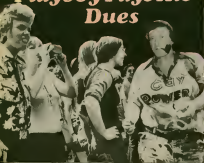
It's a Bird, It's a Plane...



Recovering from the March 6 assassination attempt, *Hustler* magazine owner Larry Flynt is apparently getting into the "Elvis collectors item" craze. He picked up Presley's TriStar jet airplane for a cool \$1.1 million. According to reports, Larry plans to paint his new toy *Hustler* Pink.

ILLUSTRATION ALAN HAIN

Playboy Pays His Dues



While we're on the subject of magazine owners, we simply can't fail to mention another famous purveyor of erotic literature: Mr. Hugh Hefner. We always knew Mr. Hefner was in favor of free women. Now it seems Hef is so very interested in women's liberation, that he's thrown a \$100 a plate dinner in support of the Equal Rights Amendment. Surrounded by avowed ERA supporters such as Valerie Harper, Jean Deitch, Barker Stapleton and Yvonne Braithwaite Burke, Hefner declared: "Playboy is clearly a major factor in the sexual revolution. And clearly the social-sexual revolution is related to the women's movement."

The invited women were very obliging until Hef finished and buttoned up his lip, that is. Then they cheerfully accepted their payment from Mr. Playboy the \$25,000 which the party netted.

Boys Will Be Boys

Recent studies at Adelphi University seem to indicate that men are pushier than women, even at the pissing in the diapers stage. Fourteen male and fifteen female newborns were observed in a hospital nursery for spontaneous activity. It was found that baby boys were awake more often than girls also, that males showed considerably more facial and body movement. Is this indicative of a more active or aggressive adult hood? Well, some theorists, such as University of Michigan's Judith Benkovic, have "assumed that an innately higher level of activity gave men an advantage particularly in the competitive world of work. Seems like the rat race starts in the cradle."

New Orleans Underground

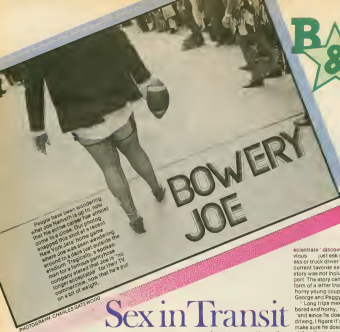
For tradition-minded Catholics, Mardi Gras or Shrove Tuesday is the last big blowout before the long penitential period of Lent, and in its raunchy New Orleans version, Mardi Gras is a letting loose enjoyed by non-Catholics too. But this year, because of the New Orleans police strike, the City Fathers tried to officially call off the festivities.

No such luck. Trying to cancel Mardi Gras was about as ridiculous

and impossible as officially calling off Springtime. Despite pronouncements to the contrary, Mardi Gras '79 arrived on schedule. In fact, without the Law around to keep the lid on things, the partying was even more spirited than usual. The always original Charles Gabe-wood was there. As his photographs demonstrate, Mardi Gras '79 was alive and... (it not exactly well, only ever so tightly ill)

B&C





People have been wondering what Joe Namath is up to, now that his active career has almost come to a close. Our photo snapped this shot at a recent New York Jets' home game where Joe was seen wandering around in a daze just outside the stadium. Tragically, a spokesperson for a famous partyhouse company stated that Joe is "no longer acceptable" for their TV on a bit of weight.

PHOTOGRAPH CHARLES GATSWOOD

Sex in Transit

A report in a recent issue of a popular psychology journal simply proves something we knew all along: traveling makes people horny. Or as the report puts it:

"The researchers found significant variation in the libidinal activity of test subjects when they were in their normal environment and when they were engaged in one or another mode of short or long distance travel."

The report lists an enormous variety of reasons why travel might cause sexual excitement in both men and women. Some reasons are simply mechanical as when, "the vibrations of a moving vehicle can stimulate and excite the nerve endings in the male and female pubic area." Other reasons are emotional: "Being in a new and unknown environment tends to cause the normal social inhibitions to drop away."

But as we said, this report is clearly just one more example of

ecstasize "discovering" the obvious... just ask any stewardess or truck driver. And our own current favorite see-on-the-run story was not included in the report. The story came to us in the form of a letter from a certain horny young couple we'll call George and Peggy.

"Long trips make George bored and horny," Peggy wrote, "and since he does all the driving, I figure if a my job to make sure he doesn't fall asleep at the wheel."

"Well, the other day I was giving George some head on the road," Peggy continued, "when I finally realized I'd been hearing this weird sound for about five minutes. I lifted myself up and looked around. A truck had been pacing us for at least the last five miles, and the trucker was leaning down from his high seat, watching me suck George off!"

"Then I looked at George. His smile told me that he was proudly aware that we had an audience. 'Oh well,' I figured. 'If it doesn't bother George, it doesn't bother me. Instead of sitting up and putting my hands in my lap like a good girl, I got on my knees on the seat, started sucking George off again and then just pulled up my skirt and pulled down my panties!'

I guess the combination of a blowjob and a full moon was too much for that horny trucker. He precariously drove his rig into a ditch. I just hope he came back!



ILLUSTRATION GARY SMITH



WOO PEE

Piss freaks will be pleased as punch with this heart-wetting success story from a medical journal: a doctor-author wrote in to describe the troubles of a young female patient. The lady's husband, it seems, was unable to pop his rocks, no matter how long they humped away. Then one golden night, after a particularly heavy session of the old in-out, the woman inadvertently let loose a kidney full of liquid gold, all over you-know-who. Her bedside mate must have liked the feeling of the warm golden rush, since—miracle of miracles—he shot his load like a pro. From that day forward, the loving housewife agreed to always belt hubby with a full bladder—but only if he promised to wear his rubbers.

We crave strange sex news and facts. We also desire the unusual and stimulating in erotic photos and illustrations. All submissions become the property of PURITAN, but we'll pay \$10 to \$100 per item selected. Send your offering to: Bananas and Cream c/o Bulk Forwarding P.O. Box 1218 Bethlehem, Pa. 18018

submit
to bananas & cream



B&C

SHOT IN THE COTTONTAIL



Just one more bit of proof that too much sex is bad for your health: In England, if you fuck like a bunny you may be shot like one. And don't expect the game laws to protect you, either.

It seems that in Great Britain several years ago, a young farm hand was out shooting rabbits on his employer's farm. He'd gotten two, when a third disappeared in the bushes. The wily

hunter stalked around, caught sight of some movement in the high grass and blasted away at a man and woman making love.

The man in question came away minus one peepet, but recently a British judge rejected his lawsuit, saying that the hunter "genuinely believed he had seen a rabbit. Bats he did and a one-eyed, bald-headed one at that.

A TORNADO CARRIED DOROTHY TO
A STRANGE LAND...

THE WIZARD OF OOZ



...WHERE HER HOUSE FELL ON A WITCH, KILLING HER.

THAT'S THE WICKED
WITCH OF THE WEST...
RATHER, IT WAS...

WELL, IT
LOOKS LIKE SHE
DIED HAPPY...

WHEN HER
SISTER PADS
OUT, SHE'S
GONNA BE
FISSED!



HEY! WHAT THE HELL!

OH, THAT'S
A HUMPH...
DIRTY LITTLE
SUGGERS
ARE
ALWAYS
HORNY!



BING BONG
THE BITCH IS
... DEAD!

THEY'RE GOING TO CELEBRATE
WITH AN ORGY... EVER
BEEN GUEST OF HONOR
AT A GANG BANG?

WHICH OLD
BITCH?

THE
WICKED
BITCH!



I SUGGEST YOU GO
AND LOOK UP THE
WIZARD OF OOO... JUST
FOLLOW THE YELLOW
PRICK ROAD!

AMFF!



WAIT!
COME
BACK!

WE
LOVE
YOU!

RRUP!

I'VE GOT BETTER
THINGS TO DO THAN
BE PICKED TO DEATH
BY LITTLE PECKERS!



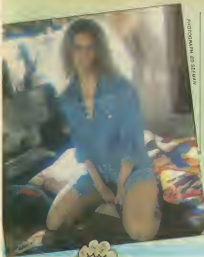
A SCARE-
CROW! IS
THIS THE
WAY TO THE
WIZARD
OF
OOO?

YEAH...
TELL YA
WHAT,
KID...
I'LL GO
WITH
YA...

HELP ME
DOWN, WILL
YA? I GOT
A POLE UP
MY ASS!







PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNE RINESTONE

Anne Rinestone's photography has graced our pages for several issues now. The work you see in PURITAN is also where is what Anne calls "erotic photojournalism," her visual documenting of the New York sexual underground. Anne picks up her material in transvestite clubs where some of NYC's most delightful Chicasque Queens are born, stripper bars (Chante Fox PURITAN 3), and discos (Le Gigue, this issue). Anne says, "As a female photographer I can do lots of things males can't. Like at a disco party a while ago there was this woman dressed up as a huge wedding cake. If a man tried to sneak a peak under her costume he'd have gotten a black eye. But she let me crawl right up inside her cake and shoot pictures." But being a cheeky photojournalist, so to speak, isn't enough

for Anne. She's "interested in erotic photography as an art form—conceptual erotica where I direct every aspect of the work myself." A prime example of this is her photograph of Doug Johns' coke crusher, in this issue. Anne first posed for Doug's delightfully functional against sculpture, then photographed the beautiful finished product. The result, a work of sexual art based on a work of sexual art! Anne has more conceptual erotica under production for the near future as well as a planned gallery show and a book. But all are at this not-ready-for-publication stage as of this writing. More details on Rinestone's Creations in upcoming issues. For now you'll have to trust us. If Anne's future projects turn out as she's described them—they'll be mind blowers!

ANNE RINESTONE: ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD



ILLUSTRATION ALBEE MANN

UNDERARM SENSATION

Instead of quibbling over whether to use Ben or Melcham or Brut, an Adelphi University professor strongly suggests none of the above. In his opinion, underarm odor (commonly known as B.O.) is a potent sexual lure.

The amputee, according to Dr. Brody, creates a "scent box" which attracts others sexually. Although many folks claim to be turned off by the earthy odor, Dr. Brody maintains its main function is to create lust. "A young female client of mine first turned me on to this phenomenon. I was putting nowhere in my interpretations of her sexual provocative ness with the men in her life, until one day she raised her hands up to adjust her hair, and I realized what a classic and sexy gesture it was. By innocently exposing her sleeveless armpits she was actually offering herself, revealing herself!"

Dr. Brody also cites the unusual practice of rural

Austrian girls at discos. The young ladies keep a box of apples in their armpits and at the end of the disco, present the slice to the partner they liked best. The gentlemen, of course, gaspantly taste the slice. Turn yum. Through history, many cultures have taken armpit odor quite seriously. Take for instance the 19th century Parisian writer J.K. Huysmans, who said, "Various as the color of the hair, the odor of the armpit is infinitely divisible, its perfume covers the whole keyboard of colors. Audacious and some times fatiguing in the brunette and the black woman, sharp and fierce in the red woman, the armpit is heady as some sugar wines in the blondes." Dr. Brody thinks it's sad that the sexual significance of armpits has been relatively ignored by our deodorized society. But as far as we're concerned, armpit love is like any other aspect of sexual behavior—it's all a matter of personal taste. Or is it smell?

BANANAS &



FADING FAYE'S CUMAWAY

If you're one of the lucky millions who saw the hit movie *Network* is a movie theater, no doubt you'll recall the, ahem, inspiring moment of Faye Dunaway's on-screen orgasm. Playing the part of a high-pressure female network exec, the delightful Ms. Dunaway hard-sells William Holden into the sack and then—true to character—climbs her way to a well-dribbling upwardly mobile orgasm in fifteen seconds flat. Out: Movie Magic, as far as we were concerned, and integral to *Network*'s excellent plot as well.

But if you were hoping for sloppy seconds in the CBS television rerun of *Network* recently, no such luck. In the spot-bus version of the same film, just as Faye drops the understandably willing Mr. Holden into the hay, viewers

were treated to a cut to a commercial. Apparently CBS determined that the sight of Ms. Dunaway having a good healthy orgasm was more dangerous to our health than the crap they sell us during the commercial break.

The Mental Master Cleans of CBS also decided that *Network*'s original thirteen years of the worst, sexist, were more than their pure-minded viewers could possibly bear. They banished that word so perfectly descriptively both of the medium and the products it sells, from the airing of the film. By some wonderful construct of logic they did leave "ulululul" in on three separate occasions, however. Their reasoning? According to the CBS veeep in charge of program practices, the use of BS is a focal point of the movie. And it would seem of CBS too.

The road to Women's Lib is driving many women to drink. At least that's the conclusion of Professor Tim Coffey of the Rutgers University Center of Alcohol Studies. According to the Prof., "There's been a noticeable rise in women turning up for treatment that's coincided with the Women's Lib movement." He explains this phenomenon in part by saying that women competing in traditionally male-dominated workplaces are expected to act like "one of the boys," which often means heavy social boozing.

But Coffey doesn't make a case for the keep-them-home and keep-them-sober antique school of thought, yowling brats.

laundries, bills, cleaning the endless dailies of housework can drive a woman to drink too. Instead, he concludes the obvious: the extreme pressures put on women in industry (the same times unspoken) rule that a woman must work twice as hard as a man in a similar job in order to prove herself, are causing the increase in distaff alikes.

As far as we can see, our own personal formula for avoiding on-the-job problems such as alcoholism and stress and heart disease and hypertension, would work even better for women than for men. When the pressures get too intense, our advice is always, "relax, lay back and fuck 'em."

BROADS ON BOOZE



CREAM

ILLUSTRATION GARY'S WITH



B & C

ONCE IS NOT ENOUGH

Most people who go to Aqueduct are there to play the horses. Not so for Gilberto Vasquez of Manhattan: he went there to play with himself. And forget about win or place—Vasquez was there to show. It seems that on a usual Wednesday afternoon at the Aqueduct Raceway RND subway stop in Queens, Vasquez calmly removed his pants and proceeded to jerk off. He was subsequently arrested. Well, as far as Vasquez' thinking goes, you can keep a good man's pants down, because just as he was about to be arraigned in court the following Thursday...well, you guessed it. While the judge and the D.A. had their attention momentarily focused elsewhere, the crafty Vasquez let his pants down one more time (wearing no underwear of course) and prepared to slam the ham. The ensuing courtroom laughter aroused the judge from whatever he was doing, whereupon His Honor ordered "Get him out of here!" and had him sent to Kings County Mental Hospital for, of all things, observation.

BANANAS & CREAM

DOWN BOY

It is a well-known fact that rabbits have a tendency to breed rather prolifically. The main concern of the Gammon Company's Pet Foods Division, however, is that dogs have been fucking like bunnies!

The nation's canine population has risen seven-tenth percent in the past five years to approximately 43 million. So the people at Gammon, anxious to avoid

the possibility of packs of horny hounds roaming the streets, have concocted a dog food for females with a birth control drug mixed into the recipe. But, what to call it? They've already come up with "Extra Care," "Subdog," "Ledy Piekie" and several other outsize names. All this is great news for female dogs. Alas, male poochies will still have to rely on the doggie bag method



ILLUSTRATION MORNINGSTAR

Doctor Sherman J. Silber says that about one in every 20 men is sterile because of "testicle inadequacies." Testicle factories which are permanently out on strike. But population explosion be damned, Doc Silber of St. Luke's Hospital West, in St. Louis, has devised a cure for men who shoot blanks. In May 1977, he performed the world's first successful testicle transplant, by chopping one good ball from a live donor, removing one broken down jewel from a recipient, and sewing the able-bodied semen-producer in place on the latter.

Recently Dr. Silber announced his second such transplant and said that as in the first case, he is "99% certain" that the relocated nut will continue to produce gobs of jam in its new

Have a Ball

home. Unfortunately though, neither operation ushers in a new dawn of hope for semen poor men. In hopes of perfecting gene matching and less rejection risk, both operations were performed using sets of identical twin males. Greater love hath no man than that he give up his ball for his brother. But of course in both operations the donor might secretly have had his own self interests at heart. By having out one egg, he reduces his chances of getting kicked in the nuts in a bar room brawl by 50%.



ILLUSTRATION PETER BOMMILEY

THE BEAT COMES OUT



ILLUSTRATION: TOSCANI

There are all kinds of closet cases, and the "closet masturbator" is no exception. If you are the type that runs for a cold shower instead of the vaseline or finishes strangling the board quickly, hoping his sin will be locked upon lightly, we may have just the thing for you. No, no, don't thank us, we're always willing to lend a hand. Just take your hands out of your pockets

and write to the National Masturbation Association, a seminal group where release is just a rap group away! As one member testified, "We're totally above-board. And we don't sit around masturbating, either!" Want to find out what positions they do use when they beat the bishop? They're not hard to contact at P.O. Box 161, Farmingdale, L.I., NY 11735

Hookers and Housewives

have nothing in common, right? Wrong! A recent public meeting brought female workers in homes and houses together. The occasion was a New York press conference called to celebrate a victory for working women in England: the British Parliament has just approved a bill decriminalizing prostitution. Although this bill would decriminalize the world's oldest profession only in England, many people see it as a precedent for other countries to follow.

The organizations which called the conference were Wages for Housework, an international women's group dedicated to challenging the traditional wage-free role of women as housewives, mothers and sexual servants; The P.O. N.Y. (Prostitutes of New York), a local hookers' organization connected with Maigo St. James' COYOTE; and the New York Prostitutes' Collective.

The housewives and the hookers claimed to have much more in common than meets the eye. Iris De La Cruz, a retired prostitute and spokesperson for P.O. N.Y., explained it this way: "the woman on the street, the welfare mother, the file clerk, all



ILLUSTRATION: RICHARD ACCORD

the underpaid 'whores' of society, are in reality the backbone of the women's movement. We are all fighting for the same thing, the right to control our bodies and ultimately, our lives."

And Margaret Prescott Roberts, speaking for the Wages for Housework Campaign, added: "Despite what the state and the media tell us, we know that prostitutes are not a 'special breed of bad' women. Prostitutes are mothers supporting their children, students paying their tuition, housewives who are sick of working for free. As long as prostitution is not decriminalized, any woman can be arrested for the 'crime' of walking on the streets at night alone, without the 'protection' of a man."

For more information on P.O. N.Y. or the Wages for Housework Campaign, write to: Post Office Box 830, Brooklyn, New York 11202



Thar She BLOWS

Sexual object, an ethereal crystal cock crusher which fits in the palm of your hand or sits on its crystal-smooth base. Doug is still busy doing his custom-made porn portraits. For a modest fee (\$250 and up) he will create a permanent image of your genitalia in, as he puts it, "absolutely any material from precious gems to dog shit." Cost of materials is figured into the final price. For more information contact Doug through his EPOCHS GALLERY (316 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N.Y. 10001).

No, it's not an Alien Pussy From Mars. It's the latest creation of Doug Johns, world famous genital sculptor. Photographer Anne Rinestone was the model for this lovely and func-

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANNE RINESTONE

bananas&cream

EAT, FUCK, SKYDIVE!

Red Tornado before naked water jump into the Cokigh River



*Jeffrey Michelson
experiencing first jump rush*

What do you say to a naked skydiver? Ever since PURITAN Production Manager Mike "Golden Guy" Maclock and friend of the magazine John "Red Tornado" Cain introduced Creative Director Jeffrey Michelson to skydiving, jump fever has officially hit PURITAN.

Not only have we formed our own team (THE HOT ONES) but, we'll be jumping with our own custom design PURITAN canopies as well. We've decided to offer \$1000.00 for the first bona fide RIFF (ball in free fall) photos. If you want to compete, you'd better hurry up before team co-captains John and Michael find willing partners and walk off with the loot themselves. (Are there any willing partners out there?)

PURITAN predicts skydiving will be to the 80's what tennis and skiing were to the 70's. In the next issue of PURITAN we will expand our skydiving report and tell you about the latest exploits of "The Hot Ones." If you are an "intensely junkie" like some of us, contact us about skydiving. The sky's the limit!

Golden Guy entering aircraft





IQRI

Photographed by Ed Seeman















**Balling
for Petro-
Dollars...**

A nice young girl from New York finds fame and fortune in Merry Olde England.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S most sophisticated haunts of ill repute is in London. There you'll find a veritable large promiscuous club where strip-tease and cabaret acts make no bones about being The chorale is mainly international corporate men and other professional types. They come to the club for an evening of promiscuous entertainment or to further up potential business deals or to celebrate the consummation of an important deal. The membership of this "no class" club is now twenty-five thousand and growing steadily.

The nightclub is large, with many tables, a separate bar and a huge stage and runway for a variety show of strippers. Everything is done up as top, I suppose to warm the hearts of all the horny men. Sex soliciting by the girls is allowed. Indeed, two managers circulate and look girls for such bids. Once a girl is asked, a host of suggestive challenges is served and still begins for late evening amusements. Presumably his place is yours.

I moved into the club gradually. I had worked as a dancer in New York, used my money and headed for Europe. After a year of travelling and playing, my money was almost gone. I started at the club as a stripper, making the equivalent of \$150 per week. But soon I was getting offers of \$150 per night from potential clients. Ah well, the club is weird, why peddle it for money? I decided there was nothing to looking as well.

MY FIRST CLIENT WAS ENGLISH He worked at the London newspaper of "Wild Street" at a job concerning restaurants. We went to my place. Roger noticed his glance and my ears shrank when I noticed him remarkably hard, some he was. He stripped off his suit and I got my first proper look at his physique as well as perfect shape except for a slight protrusion. And when I saw his 25 inch cock, I knew I was in for something good.

In general, Englishmen like to know the girls they fuck and they are famous conversationalists. In fact, there is nothing they appreciate so much as a good chat. The sexual slang about Roger was, he never stopped talking. There wasn't one silent moment during our first session. 25 hours of frantic foreplay, only his constant murmuring monologues of obscenity and photographic suggestion.

Roger's talking really turned me on. He had seen my stripping act in the club and had truly appreciated my talents. He climbed on and on about my black lat-

Bailing for Petro-Dollars... and Pounds and Francs and Yen and... by Goldie

not stockings, garter belt and most of all, about the lips of my leg, hairy cunt.

"When you were over on the club runway I noticed I would be unless I could screw you!" Roger bubbled. "The lips of your cunt were glowing at the spotlight. I knew they needed a huge, hard dick thrusting up between them. You should be fucked non-stop for the rest of your life!"

Then he had me remove the whole scenario even using a flashlight to replace the spotlight.

Roger and I fucked in every possible scenario. When we changed to my case, I thought the rule it would be impossible for him to speak with a mouthful of cunt. But no, he pointed with his enormous hands, his speech only slightly impaired by his enormous hard lips. He was meaning for me to give his big hairy dick and bury it in the dense my uterus as possible. He responded with great versatility on the sex and variety of his cock and there seemed I never similar things. Marvellous, really? What could?

After another hour of fucking he finally came, and when I came it was like a volcanic eruption. Then he drained back. I urged him to come back but said he couldn't. I quick him and he was off.

MY VERY NEXT TRICK WAS AN Arabian oil executive. Abdul wasn't much of a conversationalist. The club manager seated me with him, and after he introduced himself, all he really had to talk about was my penis, and were we going to sex.

Abdul's large diamonds glimmered and I stared at him longingly, with big pointed nose again in my eye, because the price he offered me was rather generous. When we left the club, his chauffeur's limo was

waiting outside like a loyal puppy dog. Our destination was a well known Arabian nightclub. Apparently Abdul doesn't just like to go home and fuck. It's of course his partner for short-term romance and improve a lady as well.

At the Arabian Club with Abdul, I wasn't surprised despite the fact our belly dancers and delicious food. His company was boring. At the weekly base of \$500 a bit, we finally numbered into a massive performance since. Methodically we both removed our clothes. I lay down on the bed ready for my prey. Abdul leapt between my legs and began a masturbatory on occasion of my magnificent cunt. He thoroughly enjoyed every stroke in my pussy and started pulling it to the lips.

He confessed that my pussy peaked him, but he must understand was to fuck me up the ass. I politely inquired if I would be paid extra for my such special services. He sniggered, "No!" and indicated he was engaged by my absolute language. I'd been married about 10 years, but by the girls in work, so I insisted that I receive the full \$500 pounds in advance. Abdul pulled out a huge wad of cash which was stuffed in the front with ten and twenty pound notes, peeled off the promised amount and thrust it into my palm. This habit of carrying around large amounts of cash is typical of the rich Arabs.

When the transaction was over, I lay back down on the bed and worked gently on the head of his cock. Abdul was dying to fuck, but when I asked he wear a rubber he had a huge squabble. He even swore he had never worn one, had never even seen one before.

"I can't wear this thing!" he exclaimed, clapping it between his fingers like a small lamp disk.

I took to fuck and personally prefer no rubber. But when you're in business, vaginal disease is so extremely high on capitalist risk and wearing rubber pants is indeed that danger. After much discussion he reluctantly agreed to wear the rubber. As I worked him hard again, he trembled his wedge shaped penis was the Spirit of Delight, like a majestic Egyptian pyramid on the summit with golden glow. To me it looked like an oil well.

As his penile thrusting moved on, he pulled back the skin covering and revealed his wedge shaped dick head. It was looking worse, from the very pink tip of the dick's mouth I did the scumming out from underneath the pillow and slipped it over his wedge. With our billowing grass he trembled a moan my cunt. All I could think

“Roger never stopped talking during our first session... When we changed to sixty-nine, I thought for sure it would be impossible for him to speak with a mouthful of cunt. But no...”

of was a massive water buffalo. The overhang of his stomach dipped over me as he pumped up and down.

I think he only needed seven or eight more before he was out, meaning all the while, “Do you love me?”

His wife’s face had looked really, just a few spots. He had gone out so quickly, I couldn’t help wondering why such a big animal had been made of the whole thing. And why was it necessary for me to spend the whole night?

I had a short, rather uncomfortable sleep and got up promptly at 8:30 A.M., anxious to leave, get home and really relax. I dressed rapidly and opened the door to hopes of loving women, waking the Arabian prince. He must have had X-ray eyes. The first words out of his mouth were “Do you love me? I never got a chance to fuck you up the ass!”

I looked him dead in the eye, staring him of any further love and making my manner the one waiting number one of his entire life.

AFTER THE ENGLISH EXPLORE were and the Arabian asked I wondered who was next on the recognized. I felt like an old pro. I feared myself. Wonderful Woman, confident and capable of handling any international crisis the night comes my way.

Any man about was Japanese. His name was Sam. The club was open, several other girls and one with four Japanese ones, all very pretty, polite, and polished. The problem was, only one spoke English fluently, and I would be going with one of the ones who couldn’t. Flushing it up then, then myself, I guessed, “We go.” Sam shook his head up proudly and then grinned. I had to clarify the Japanese with him. Did he know how much she would cost, and where were we going? He was extremely sympathetic to the difficulties of my situation, wanting the address of Sam’s hotel, the car and everything the information for his hotel.

At the hotel, when Sam removed his coat I noticed that he was wearing the most remarkable pair of sunglasses. Never in my life had I seen such a pair of glasses. He then he took off his glasses and I had an even bigger surprise: he had the most perfect teeth I’d ever seen. But, in a way it seemed as if I’d seen the end of the last phrase. He could not have been more than five feet tall.

I started making an ill out of his coat and when he got home, Sam opening up like a Jack in the Box, holding his wing.

“Two minutes!” he exclaimed.

Coming down a bit, he smiled me from behind and managed my house.

“Very large, Japanese women do not have such.”

“Landscape not,” I replied.

He added me from every possible angle, managing my house all the while, and making sure his girl didn’t create too much trouble. Then it was I was for the purpose to spend. He thoughtfully suggested my house, spending about half an hour on my party alone.

“Nice Party?” He grinned at me.

“Haven’t we played around enough?” I asked.

“Is there time for tomorrow?” he asked. “That was the first time anyone ever asked me that.”

“Yes,” I replied, sliding on a rubber from under to pillow.

I slipped in on him, then he turned his penis. Before I could think an explicit word he came, jumped off me and shaved me the job. I began to move in time to the running water. The small was coming off from the bathroom, we shook hands and exchanged phone numbers. I told him my name to him and he told me his. He was always kind, gentle, easy to please, an old man of the Japanese before.

IT WAS REALLY EXCITING FROM night to night I never knew what tomorrow would be next. I found the French O.K., but they had a strong body odor. Suddenly, in France these were not regarded as aphrodisiacs. No, by my standards, though. The French are charming and handsome. They offer you the world on a silver platter, then they squish it away a few more pounds here and there. You always know that you’re lost the argument when they tell you that is so.

The Germans and Frenchmen are the objects of the European for their countries are overrun by working girls. They take on a blue and forced attitude.

“I really don’t find this so terribly exciting,” they will tell you, “But I am cheap, it is my business to please women,” and then proceed to fuck their brains out, giving the men the free money. Especially the Germans, who give crumbly beer bags and think that’s very. I guess their cold climate makes them especially brashly.

South Americans are similar to the French, in the sense that they are conservative. They will please you the world, then when your penis is right off. They are conservative and old-fashioned. Their women are extremely easily repulsed and nothing pleases them more than a

blowjob, since their wives wouldn’t even consider doing a thing like that.

I also don’t forget to mention the Americans next, since the Americans. They are great! When they go overseas all because they’re perfect gentlemen. They become a police in England and follow the “In France do as the Romans do” policy. My only gripe is I wish they would visit some of the points when they get back to the U.S.A.

MY REPUTATION RAMPAGED AND

blasted at the night. Every man I met had something complimentary to say to the management about me, and my growing circle of regular customers had formed. I had been a very successful woman, typically such claims. Many of these, not surprisingly, were Arabs. The more so because I had with these Arabs, the more of a pain in my ass they became. The money was terrible, but since I had a problem with such successful clients. Negotiating with them was difficult. It was never a matter of the amount of money, but they had paying in advance. They liked to hold all the cards, and tell all the story. On these occasions I was fully paid, then asked to remove myself from their premises without having sex, because I realized their pride. I doubted the fact of their word and therefore wasn’t worthy of their prices.

None of them are up to this date as business opportunities and traveling. They have built into it what they call a “hookup.” In other words they are lastly lovers and can’t hold a date very long when finally given the opportunity to relax and have sex with a woman. They give everyone’s pain with every sex and they keep many of their friends under the guise of generosity. Pocket money of 1000 pounds is not unusual to her and is often given one evening.

I am now wondering why the rest of all is using. It’s to maintain their business premises or when they appear in them at a Western lounge. Then one country is a poverty stricken. The poor hotels at home have no passports, no freedom, no material wealth. The prostitution, the money is still coming to a person’s head off. The prostitution for slavery is still common. When I talk Arabs say, “There is Allah,” they might as well be saying, “There is the Dollar.”

The industry of Arabs in London has died continuously over the last few years and their importance in politics and financial affairs is growing extremely. Unfortunately, if you want to be a successful call girl you must consider the politics of your job. Some of your highest paying clients will be men you don’t like. The best policy is to be a little less and a lot less perceptive—and always stay in the good grace of the club you work for. There is money in the business as possible. Who knows? They may return for a second visit. At least the second time around you’ll know what to expect. □

CITIZEN AWARENESS PROGRAM #4

10-YEAR RAP FOR COCKSUCKING

BY PUBLIUS
PURITAN

OR "IT'S NOT WHAT YOU DO, IT'S THE STATE YOU'RE IN WHEN YOU DO IT."

IT'S NOT WHAT YOU DO, IT'S THE

Your Sexual Freedom is respected in these States

CALIFORNIA
COLORADO
CONNECTICUT

HAWAII
ILLINOIS
IOWA

KENTUCKY
MAINE
MISSOURI

NEBRASKA
NEW HAMPSHIRE
NEW MEXICO
NORTH CAROLINA
OHIO
OREGON

SOUTH CAROLINA
TEXAS
VERMONT
WASHINGTON
WEST VIRGINIA
WYOMING

STATE	CRIME	"Sodomy, carnal copulation, fellatio"	RAP
ALABAMA	crime against nature*	not less than 1 nor more than 10 years	
ALASKA	sodomy	not less than one year nor more than 10 years (with copulation without state statutory prohibition in 1873)	
AMERICAN SAMOA	sodomy* carnal copulation in violation of custom	not more than 10 years	
ARIZONA	infamous crime against nature*		
ARKANSAS	*only if done with person of same sex		
CALIFORNIA	carnally know by the anus or the mouth*	not more than 10 years	
CONNECTICUT	private sexual intercourse is punishable unless perpetrators are married		
GEORGIA	sodomy*	not less than one nor more than 20 years	
HAITI	crime against nature includes sodomy, all unnatural copulation with man or beast, per co or per anus*	not less than 5 years	
FLORIDA	unnatural and lascivious acts*	fine not to exceed \$500 Prison not to exceed 90 days	
INDIANA	if married and consensual no crime otherwise abominable and detestable crime against nature is punishable	fine of not less than \$100 nor more than \$1000 Prison is optional but if you get prison, you must get at least 2 years and no more than 14	
KANSAS	sodomy* a crime only b/w same sex or with animals		
LOUISIANA	crime against nature*	fine not more than \$7,000, unless with or without force: not more than 5 years, or both	
MARYLAND	sodomy, carnal copulation	not more than 10 years, and not more than \$1,000 fine.	
MASSACHUSETTS	abominable and detestable crime against nature*	not more than 20 years	
MICHIGAN	abominable and detestable crime against nature (sodomy) gross indecency b/w male and female persons (fellatio, cunnilingus)	not more than 5 years not more than 5 years fine not more than \$2,500	
MINNESOTA	criminal knowledge of sex person by the anus or by or with the mouth*	not more than one year, fine not more than \$1,000 or both	
MISSISSIPPI	unnatural intercourse*	not more than 10 years	
MONTANA	detestable sexual conduct*	not to exceed 10 years	

Privacy is a prerequisite for sexual activities.

If a society has little respect for individual privacy, the sexual freedom and sexual fulfillment of its members will be compromised. The explicit law of the United States embodies an inherent respect for the privacy of the individual and his home. Foremost in this regard is the 4th Amendment to the Constitution, which is an expression of the English Common Law concept of man's right to privacy.

Though the Constitution does not expressly delineate a right to "privacy" as such, the United States Supreme Court in 1965 in *Griswold v. Connecticut* recognized a constitutional right to privacy. *Griswold* declared Connecticut's prohibition on the sale or use of contraceptives to be unconstitutional. The basis for the decision was written by William O. Douglas in a concurring opinion. Douglas did not declare merely that Connecticut's law was unconstitutional. Rather, Douglas ventured to explain that the law was unconstitutional because there was only one way to enforce such a provision—allow the police to search the precincts of marital bedrooms for telltale signs. "The security of the *Griswold* court agreed with Douglas that a married couple had a right to use birth control devices, but three of the justices added the proviso that, "The Court's holding today... is in no way inconsistent with a State's proper regulation of sexual procreancy as matters pertain." Thus, the majority of the Court was unwilling to go the whole nine yards with Douglas and declare any law unconstitutional, the enforceability of which would require surveillance of the bedrooms. The judges refused to allow concerning what the rights of freely engage in sexual acts in private.

However, the right of privacy as espoused in *Griswold* was used as the basis for the Court's decision in *Roe v. Wade* in 1973 (which recognized the right of unmarried persons to use contraceptive devices) and *Stenberg v. Carmona* in 1991 (which recognized the right of unmarried pregnant women to obtain an abortion).

These decisions stand in contrast to John Brown, Mill's discussion between "self-regarding" and "other-regarding" acts. Simply put, Mill believed private acts had the right to regulate conduct, which could harm others (e.g., murder, assault, battery) but not conduct regulated in by citizens' rights which did not have the capacity to directly harm others.

The recent composition of the Supreme Court has had a telling effect on decisions dealing with the right to privacy and sex.

STATE YOU'RE IN WHEN YOU DO IT

and freedom. In 1974, by refusing to overturn a lower court decision, the Supreme Court indicated the bedroom was no off-limits to government interference. In *Dev v. Commonwealth*, the Federal District Court for the Northern District of Virginia had upheld the constitutionality of a state law which made illegal the act of sodomy between consenting adults. By refusing to reverse the low decision, the U.S. Supreme Court implicitly took the position that a state law which makes illegal the act of sodomy between consenting adults is not an unconstitutional denial of privacy.

Shortly after refusing review in *Dev v. Commonwealth*, the Supreme Court refused

to reverse the decision in *Levy v. Slayton*, wherein the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals upheld another Virginia statute, that one prohibiting and punishing sodomy between consenting adults. Virginia may be for lovers, but only as long as they do not stray very far from the missionary position. *Levy v. Slayton* involved a woman who performed fellatio upon her husband and a male friend in the privacy of their home, while a female police photographer took the event.

The standard issue to the attention of the Court because none of the police got into the hands of a child of the couple, who is more undeniably established the police in bed, who might be the cause of

errors resulted in police obtaining a search warrant to invade the couple's home, whereupon a whole lot of photographic evidence was obtained and used as a tool to convict the married couple for engaging in non-procreant sex.

The Circuit Court obviously noted the privacy invasion aspect of its own decision, for the Court had to denigrate the case from prior cases which had recognized a right to privacy is strong from the Constitution. The Court pronounced that any right to privacy the married couple may have had was blown to oblivion once the police broke became a marriage a room.

Today, and yes, and yes, and group sex are accepted parts of life, activities which violate no-one. The laws on the books in most states seem to ignore the fact that today almost everybody has somebody. In our opinion, those archaic laws are best on two counts. First, they punish people needlessly, and second, they impeded and obstruct, even if not very often enforced, states the public's respect for them.

The accompanying chart lists the state and territorial laws regarding sexual practices. For example, Alabama has a statute prohibiting the "crime against nature." The Courts of Alabama have interpreted this statute to prohibit sodomy, sexual contact and debauch. The penalty for committing said acts is imprisonment for not less than 2 years nor more than 10 years. Sodomy occasionally has meant anal intercourse in sex with animals. However, some states have defined the term to include anal-genital sex.

If their very nature, these courts are vague, and courts have frequently varied legal meanings on interpreting them. For example, one state court held that the prohibition of the "voluntary and detestable crime against nature" could be interpreted and enforced as a prohibition of oral and anal sex. The vagueness problem exists because the representative legislators who write these laws know what they want to outlaw, but are not going to use the operative words which would clearly define the crime.

The recent trend of the U.S. Supreme Court notwithstanding, some states have recently liberalized their laws regarding sexual practices. If you do not recognize any wisdom in keeping oral and anal sex illegal and your state has a law which you deem offensive, you should write your State representatives.

One caveat by publishing this list, however is not attempting to give legal advice. The law in any jurisdiction may change by the time this is published. Before you engage in sex of your preference, consult a local attorney or make sure this list is still accurate. ☐

ALABAMA	intemperate crime against nature*	not less than 1 nor more than 5 years
ALASKA	no crime if married couple—but sodomy or intemperate crime against nature	fine not more than \$5,000 or prison not more than 20 years or both, but one law on books as of September 1, 1984, appears to abrogate criminal statute entirely
ARIZONA	consensual sodomy	class B misdemeanor
NORTH CAROLINA	crime against nature*	fined or imprisoned in discretion of the court
OKLAHOMA	detestable and abominable crime against nature*	not exceeding 10 years
PENNSYLVANIA	no crime if husband & wife, voluntary deviate sexual intercourse*	prison not more than 2 years
PUERTO RICO	abominable and detestable crime against nature*	not exceeding 20 years nor less than 7 years
SOUTH CAROLINA	abominable crime of buggery	5 years or fine not less than \$200 in discretion of court
TENNESSEE	crime against nature*	not less than 5 years nor more than 15 years
UTAH	sodomy*	fine not to exceed \$200 plus jail
VIRGIN ISLANDS	whenever carnally knows any male or female by the anus or by or with the mouth	not more than 10 years
WISCONSIN	abominable acts of sexual gratification* does not apply to married persons in private	penalties by fine not exceeding \$10,000 or prison not exceeding 10 months, or both
VIRGINIA	definition of sodomy includes all three ** if any person shall knowingly or certainly know any male or female person by the anus or with the mouth, he or she shall be guilty of a class B felony	Class B Felony—Person not less than 1 year nor more than 5 years, or in discretion of jury or the court, participation in all of not more than 10 months, and fine or not more than \$1,000 either or both
WASHINGTON D.C.	Every person convicted of taking into his or her mouth or anus the sexual organ of any other person or animal or who shall be convicted of having consensual copulation in an opening of the body	shall be fined not more than \$1,000 or be imprisoned not exceeding 10 years

“ I straightened and set one foot on the bed so she could see my sac bouncing as I slid my fingers up and down my penis for her ... ”
I reached down and gave her asshole hair a tickle, making her gasp.

The Spell of Slow Dancing

(continued from page 46)

Anyhow, Jack drifted away, full of himself and, I'm sure, convinced that he'd impressed Diane.

"What a jerk," she observed. "He's trying to fuck with my head because I won't ball him," she pouted for just a split second. "Agree."

"Oh."

"He fucks like he talks."

I said nothing, feeling a dumb satisfaction both at her comments and at the recovery of her casual confidence. And, I admit, a tiny pang at the realization that she'd fooled him—and not, uh, me. Then I wondered, how deliberate was her words? Was I looking exactly what she wanted me to feel? Or was my Scorpio nature blowing things out of proportion once again?

"You don't have much to say," she stated.

I shrugged.

She shrugged, mimicking me.

I didn't know what to say. I was stoned. I wished Diane would shut up. Just be there.

But she stood and stretched, her skirt pulling up exposing her belly button. She looked around anxiously and said, "Well, I guess I'll go play with myself. See ya."

"Thanks for the ride."

"Sure."

Why, why hadn't I taken her into my arms? Why had I been so perturbed I couldn't go with that magic moment I saw, sensed, saw so clearly? Or did I? What did I want? She.

In my room I tried to get into a wicker chair I'd been working on and failed at. I didn't get mad, but stood with the heaviness of marijuana wearing off in my legs and felt vaguely onto the bed, stood at the couch.

I was depressed when a tap at my door made me jump. However was that.

I opened the door and gestured for her to come in. Like she remained rooted to the spot, pecking at her fingertips. Even when Diane was in a dazed mood it was not like her to be beautiful. I felt possessive of her when I read "What's up, friend?"

I really didn't like seeing her anxiously disoriented, despite my painful feelings for her. This wasn't the kind of behavior which had caused me to fall in love with her. Type II started myself.

"You want... smoke?"

"Come on in." I reached her shoulder.

Diane sat on my bed, looked in my pocketing.

"You could for that, maybe," she smiled.

"Maybe. I don't really need another weed. You go ahead, though."

"I don't want one either."

We sat silently. She chuckled, "I'm horny." A throwaway comment.

"Yeah, I know what you mean."

I couldn't think of anything to say this time either. I couldn't say, "Let's fuck." It was too far gone for that. She glanced up and said:

"Would you think I was crazy if I asked you to do something?"

"We've known each other while, Diane. I already know you're crazy."

She gave me a quick, sharp look. "Would you...uh, mind, watching me masturbate?"

"I wouldn't mind," I whispered.

"I'll turn me on and get me off," she charged, guardedly watching my face. Her slender hands trembled and I was shaking, too.

"Do you want me to—do you want to watch me?" I said.

"Uh-huh," she added, eyes brightening.

We giggled like kids as we pulled our pants down, throwing our clothes together in a pile in the middle of the rug. She worked it back on the bed. I stared in my chair.

Diane left herself.

"I'm already wet thinking about it," she brought glooming fingers to her lips and worked at me as she looked her own piece. "I see you're ready."

I murmured, beginning to make my motions, the time I'd seen Diane and her making it. Diane sort of smiled to herself, making no comment. "Mom's a witch, a white witch," she said cryptically, then looked her fist up as if in relief, using both hands to mass with her thumb, pink index. She had a heavy, robust back and a tail of fat at her anus that sprouted from between her cheeks even when her thighs were together. I'd noticed that before, but the phony push of her outer valve was absent.

"I like to play with my butt," she sighed. "Somehow I don't do anything else all day."

"Mom," I sighed.

"You've never seen my clit," she said, tugging at her stretchy flesh. "See? There it is sticking its head up."

She worked it with a manicured bar, unsheathed and, pushing it down and watching it spring back to attention.

"Mind if I take a closer look?"

"Help yourself," she said solemnly.

"Beautiful," I murmured.

I tried to control my breathing as I bent over her, resting my right eye of her luscious opening.

"Uh-oh, it's getting wet," Diane whispered.

She fingered it vigorously for a moment, slipping it from side to side, and I watched it swell at the stimulation. She eyed her clit critically, as if examining her work.

I ungrumbled and sat on the floor on the bed so that she could see my eye bouncing as I slid my fingers up and down my penis for her. She grazed and ran caressing hands the length of her smooth curves, then pushed back

squalls at once. I reached down and gave her asshole just a tickle, making her gasp and bite her lip.

For half an hour or so we made love, simply playing and looking intensely.

"This is fine. I like it," I said contentedly.

Diane was lovely, completely relaxed now, tilting pushing two fingers into her vagina, holding them there, then slowly withdrawing.

"Have you got anything I can put in my hole?" she asked, immediately catching herself and laughing at the remark. "I mean . . ."

"I know what you mean."

She jumped up, blushing.

"I'll be right back."

In half a minute she was rising to jump onto my bed clutching a vibrator in each hand, the door left open.

"I hope you don't mind my peeing all over your shoes. What a stink!"

"No, thanks."

Diane folded a pillow under her hips and unconsciously took the larger of the two plastic toys aside.

"Oh, I love it—that full feeling. I can deal with my cervix with this one. Ughh. Why don't you get on the bed there so we can do a couple?" She was practically choking me, frantically dancing. "A-a-a-a," she said, peeping the tip of the other one in her mouth breathily. "That one goes . . . here."

I needed some time to get my head on take to see her, eyes rolled upward, rub the vibrator against her anus to part the hair, then gradually open her sphincter around it until the ridges became squeaked smooth and shiny and the cylinder was fully three-quarters buried.

"There!" she said brightly, with a sense of accomplishment. "Now you have to move over a little. You."

My tail face and her right shoulder, pressed, though we did not acknowledge it. Diane tossed a strand of hair from her face.

"When you come, make sure your jets go on me. That'll make me have orgasms all over the place."

"Oh," I agreed, using my massaging hand to reach over and place the point in her hip, a pressure whose significance did not escape her. I realized that probably her creative dildo-fucking was mostly a show for my benefit, so I asked her about it and she told me that she was proudest of it because it was a show.

"Lots of times when I jerk off I imagine a whole audience of men," she said. "I can't believe this is really happening—we're nasty, you know that? You bearing your rear in front of my face and me . . . you wouldn't believe how hot I am, my cunt is all tight and hungry and my clit is so-o-fucking sensitive. Yow!" With a rapid wrist action she pumped the long vibrator on and out in a burst of ecstatic riddulousness. "Are we perfect?"

"Love you."

Gradually she ignored the "Moan's coming over the wall" and I promised her I'd see her up with you, if you want."

"Maybe we could all do something together."

"I'm glad you said that . . . later."

I ENDED UP STANDING ON THE FLOOR BEFORE HER PISTONING MY COCK, DIANE SHAKING SPASMODICALLY, HER BODY ARCHED AS SHE WAS BALANCED ON HER SHOULDERS AND FEET, THE VIBRATOR

"My sperm flew out to splash on her face, her breasts, and her hands. She fell flat, howling, thrusting in orgasm, doubling up coming, clutching her cunt with both hands rubbing fiercely, still coming."

on high speed and pressed hard, motionless to her clit.

"Do it now, honey," she growled, "Do it with me, I'm . . . oh, NOW!"

My sperm flew out to splash on her face, her breasts, and her hands. She fell flat, howling, thrusting in orgasm, doubling up coming, clutching her cunt with both hands rubbing frantically, frantically, and clapping.

I SAT WITH KNEES TREMBLING AND CARESSSED HER HEAD AFFECTIONATELY. SLOWLY, SLOWLY DIANE OPENED HER EYES.

"I got some milk," she said. "Then she stood and walked unsteadily out. After the toilet flushed I heard the door in her room shut. It took a few minutes for me to realize she wasn't coming back."

She refused to open to my knuck and replied with its only a mean "you" when I asked if she was all right. So at length I left her with her thoughts after going back, thinking her clothes neatly and placing them outside her door.

I left the house, went to the store, returned to sleep a fitful sleep, awakened too soon.

When I heard Diane attempting to sneak out (I'd been waking) I pulled the door open. She stopped with her back to me. She had on the same flowered skirt she'd worn when I first met her. I walked toward her, turned her firmly about, looked into her eyes. I kissed her.

She smiled against me, guiding my hand to her bare pussy. I took it very and held her close, my hand over the back of her head. Wonderfully, Diane had come into her room. She made a quiet ritual of undressing me and we slipped into her soft warm bed.

She held herself open; I guided my penis inside her. Thus we lay, brushing each other's breasts.

We fucked rapidly, but as our climax we could not keep from talking, either, and often we forgot what we were doing. Finally she gave me a playful punch and teased, "Dianne, will you please, fuck me?" We ripped one off.

Later, as we prepared to leave, to get ready for a walk in the park, I said:

"I'm not taking anything for granted, but if you are interested in living together, I'd like it very much."

"We already live together," she disappointed, then gave me a sad and overcast, "I'll mean you downstairs."

I stirred and wandered out into the yard, breathing great lungfuls of fresh cool air. Soon she appeared on the porch, hands on her hips, wearing a windbreaker and a jaunty cap.

"All right," she howled with exasperation in her voice, "All right!"

She ran full tilt directly at me as I walked toward her. Passionately she pressed and we stumbled, crashing into the lawn.

Just like in the movies. □



PURITAN explores Age-Libs... the New/Old Frontier. Never before have so many lovers re-lived the infinite erotic possibilities of Men-December Loving. Here, now, Puritan's special report on...

Coming Of Ages

by Norman Jackson with an interview by Lisa Hoffman

Part I: Older Men & Young Women

"Older men are better boys than young guys because they know the pleasures of sex. For example, they know how to finger and make a climax. A lot of kids my age don't even know what a climax is. Another thing, older men almost never leave you hanging by coming too soon the way teenage young boys do."

"To me, it's an ego trip to know I'm a sexual hot-shot to an older man. It makes me feel grown up and glamorous."

"Older guys take you out and show you a good time before they try to get in your pants. Young guys usually don't have the money to wine and dine a girl."

"My boyfriend says the reason I have a thing for older men is this: unconsciously I want to suck my Daddy. Sex was so called an Italian complex when young girls are attracted to older men. Complex? To me, it's not complex, it's simple. Old guys make better lovers."

"You found older men to be more experienced and less self-centered than young ones, both in and out of bed? They make a guy feel they care about his needs, not just their own."

In San Diego, Fresno, Florida, Las Vegas, and Reno, ages 18, 14, 17, 15, and 17 respectively, these five girls make the men in the age range of 40 and beyond. Most came here from the a typical, if decidedly first class, room on the luxury of Lake Tahoe.

During its last culture's 4,000 year tradition of prostitution, relations between aging males and young females have been constant, but those between aging females and young males. Even so, older men/young girl affairs have been and are major movies. Until a spate of movies and media happenings brought the subject of the story as the last 1970s, most men for professional girls was something most men would not readily confess, even to their closest friends. Sex between the adolescents and the aging was a severely frowned upon taboo. Men who indulged in it were widely resented.

In ancient times, it took great wealth and power for a man to be able to sex himself above social taboos against partaking of young pussy. Such a man was **ELIAS SOLOMONSON** of Israel. "The owner of the vine and ruler of the orch." According to the Bible, Solomon kept 1,309 wives and concubines, many of them in the 12, 14, and 14 year age bracket. A number of these young wives were pagan.

The dating Solomon built pagan temples for them and frequently joined in the orgiastic rites the girls served as these houses of worship. Solomon's most famous love affair, when he was well into his old age, was with the young Queen of Sheba. Once was so loved, the president of Solomon's court "took her beauty away," says the Bible. In short order, her beauty was taken away a second time by her when-haired hair's second style.

style: young



JULIUS CAESAR, Emperor of Rome, was a measured lover of young nymphs (not to mention old nymphs) and king of his age. The last remembered of his of Rome was with Egyptian queen Cleopatra, whom he met in 48 B.C. when he was 52 years old and she was 21. The two met in the Egyptian capital of Alexandria when Caesar was there to arbitrate a dispute between Cleopatra and her brother, Ptolemy. Ptolemy had banished Cleo from the Egyptian throne, claiming a fit husband. Cleopatra wanted a back. Was Caesar was to resolve their conflicting claims. On the evening of the Roman emperor's arrival, Cleopatra had her servants roll her inside a carpet and smuggle her past Ptolemy's men to Caesar. Caesar ordered the curiously puffed caption to his rooms. He scored for the night. The following morning, smiling warmly, he ordered further debauch by several brothers and sisters and ordered Cleopatra returned immediately to the Egyptian throne.

KING HENRY VII of England had eight wives. The second one, Anne Boleyn, barely has her head because with number three, Jane Seymour, was a cock snore 20 years Henry's parent who wouldn't ball the king for a whole

While married to Anne, Henry met and came down with a whopping case of hot pants for young Jane. Unfortunately for him, Jane was a good girl. Neither public servants, Maryling rhinos, nor local gifts could move her. She would not ball Henry without benefit of clergy. Accordingly, the king did what millions of less powerful men have wanted to do with their wives from time immemorial. He framed Anne on a trumped up adultery rap, had her beheaded, and married Jane. The royal jewelworld's blue was long but short-lived. Just died within a year from complications involved with the birth of their son, the future King Edward VI.

In more recent history, American president **GROVER CLEVELAND** made experienced Frances Folsom the young one first lady in U.S. history when he met her in the Blue Room at the White House in June, 1886 when he was 69 and she was 21. The good husband "Uncle Junior" complained when reporters paid him to release details of the honeymoon with what he called "national exposure." Some outside feared that he and Frances had been having for years already, the living from her would raise the age of 51 when his sister, a late partner of Cleveland's, passed away. Still, even as he tried people's prurient interest, the president was unable to control a smug of pleasure over his wealth of such a choice young partner. He went on to park Frances in the role of First Lady Cleveland.

style: young



Universally beloved on screen, the late **CHARLIE CHAPLIN** was the target of many in off-camera brother than girl and judge because of his unbridled thing for the young stuff. Three of the four Chaplin brides were teenagers. His 18-year old second bride was pathetically named Lita, a daughter of Lillian. Chaplin was 34 when he took his third and last wife, 18-year-old Oona O'Neil. This time the marriage failed. Charlie and Oona lived happily ever after until his death at the age of 89. They were also to have lived happily ever after. The Chaplin manufactured sex before register, for less of which was here when the press page was 73.

Kick 'n' roll was **JERRY LEE LEWIS** craquelé ball from his public when he married his 13-year-old cousin, Myra Brown, in 1957. Jerry and his band were on tour in Kansas when the rumors were announced. An angry mob gathered outside the theatre where the band was scheduled to appear. "Child molesters!" they shouted. "Go home, baby murderer!" In reaction, at the time, the theatre chain that had booked Lewis cancelled the rest of his tour. A panicked, flustered director, "Where, down in Louisiana where we come from, lots of folks get married at 13 years-old. I'll tell you this," there's a loved world, "they may look like kids on the outside, but they're a full-on man on the inside."

Swash-buckling movie star **KEROL FLYNN** was a notorious young womanizer. In 1943, he was arrested on a charge of raping two fans, 16-year-old Peggy Lee Parker and 17-year-old Betty Hutton. Renowned confidence that he was, first, that he didn't like who had raped Peggy and Betty, rather it was they who had seduced him against his youth. Flynn admitted a Latin lover said this way and, in 1944, at the age of 30, he was jailed by a final heart attack at the Vancouver, B.C. hotel of a friend. As he expiated over a heart attack in prison, he died a loner, living like his ready girl, Beverly Aadland. His Aadland was 17 at the time.

BRONX NEWS



Although not known as a credit roller, 45-year-old **HUMPHREY BOGART** slipped for 19-year-old starlet **LAREN BACALL** when they met while filming *The Maltese Falcon* in 1943. This was the film in which Bacall revealed her own with her instant speech, "If you was anything, all you have to do is wonder. You know how to smoke, don't you? You can put your lips together and blow!" Bogart blew Laren because the fourth Mrs. Bogart was also just finished the movie. *Wing*, as her baby nicknamed her,

became her mother in Bogart's brief drinking game, known as the Maltese Melt. But Bacall asked how he managed to hold her over so much steady company. Bacall answered, "I watch them drink for drinks. If you concern other people's drinks, it gets to be a drinking hour."

ENTERTAINMENT



MIA FARROW was **FRANK SINATRA**. That's what publicized thing with young stuff. Frank was 34 and Mia was 28 when they slipped in Las Vegas in 1966. The bride told reporters after the wedding, "I feel older now spending. They can handle so much that I can't." Mia's mother, actress Maurine O'Neil, was, too happy, "Mia is a fine child on search of a father. She spends so older men by wearing their precious mistress."

The late Supreme Court Justice **WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS** was a marry old soul. Well, sure he had old age, he wrote 23 opinions as defense of many marriages. "Should a politician whose main respect is the control of sexual desire be banned? A pretty part of life is the control of sexual desire." Douglas married his third wife, Jean Martin, in 1953. He was 65 and she was 21. They spent their honeymoon climbing mountain peaks outdoors and, presumably, sexual peaks indoors.

Other May September marriage in the wedding are have included **BOB CROSBY** and **KATHLEEN GRANT**, he 35 and she 23 is the case of their marriage, **CAREY GRANT** and **DIAN CANNON**,



and in the ages of 61 and 37 respectively, and **GEORGE JESSEL** and movie **LOVE**

he was 61 and she was 16. Shortly after the Janet Andrews marriage, Bob Hope joined about Hope, "When George found that the Army was drafting 16-year-olds, he went into a huff. He thought they were taking 16-year-old girls."

More recently, film doctor **ROMAN POLANSKI** became early parent of pubescent pussy without benefit of chaps. As a result of his bonnie bygone with a 13-year-old model he was photographing at Jack Nicholson's Hollywood home for a French magazine, Polanski was banned on the film scene in March, 1969. The scene included among the girl's pussy and licking her while she was high on champagne and half's Quaalude.

The low may not get cooking bathing girls below the age of consent, but the mass media sure did. In recent years, the media have pulled out all the stops in selling every boy's fantasy. The 1974 movie *The Chinese Wall* had a 14-year-old girl, **LINDA BLAIR**, manufacturing with a grade and sporting such lines as "Here mother fuck me in bed!" When *The Russian* was up rated prison with only passing mention of an adolescent exploitation scene, the book itself was awarded for explicit scenes in movies.

Subsequently, 13-year-old **JOHN FOSTER** settled in a custody program on Timmy Dwyer. John followed that one directed debut with crime roles in *Boggy Mellow* and *The Look* that *Who Love Does The Love*.

Late July, **TATUM O'NEAL** was only 12 when she made a big hit screen, winning an Academy Award nomination for her role as a naughty but loving orphan in *Paper Moon*. Although this and surrounding roles in such films as *Red Dawn* and *Washington* have been extremely profitable, Tatum projects a reputation usually that has raised many a eyebrow in male viewers.

Then there is **MARIEL HINGEWAT** who at 14 got raped in her movie debut on *Expensive*, and subsequently landed up in the TV movie *I Wish To Keep My Baby*.

In 1978, 13-year-old **BROOKE SHIELDS** shot to the top of the Hollywood popularity hierarchy as the title character in *Pretty Baby*, the Louis Malle film set in New Orleans' Storyville red light district in 1937. Brooke played a prostitute's daughter who turned because a prostitute. In perspective was her coming, and so undoubtedly serious was her young body in her several nude scenes that overnight, Brooke became one of the hottest sex properties in Tinseltown.

Meanwhile, over in the rock music world, an all-teenage-god punk band called *The Runaways* is playing in 1980 records. The Runaways' instantly being sex features suggest a lyric in the runs of the girls' public personas in many careers.

PURITAN tapped with lead guitarist **Lou Ford**, 15, rhythm guitarist **Joel Jari**, 12, and bassist **Justin Fox**, 16, of **THE RUNAWAYS**. "We come on so early on stage, there's always guys jacking off at the audience," said Joel. "We're just as early as real life. I mean, we don't walk up or guys on the street and say, 'Hey man, I'm hot, wanna fuck me?' But we're an early music scene of the late '70s."

All these girls adored an attraction to older men. "I like old guys because they fuck with class," said Lisa. "They fuck you and slow so it lasts a long time. My fantasy is to have one of those classy old guys pumping out of the back of my pussy so I can get fucked while I'm playing."



Julie expressed the group's early on-stage against older men. "Tell those sweet ladies we're to be afraid of a girl's eye. Nothing more depressing than meeting a man I really like, but he isn't got it on with me because I'm still hot."

In her talks with crew around the country, **PURITAN** asked the girls which male celebrities over 40 they would most like to bed down with. The luminaries they named most often were **Rock Hudson**, **Gene Kelly**, **Ted Kennedy**, **Richard Warren**, **Rick Springfield**, **Dan Aykroyd**, **Roger Moore**, and **Cliff Robertson**. Our hoppers said they would ball any of these aging guys on stage as long as they would the recent young studs of their contemporaries.

But you don't have to be a celebrity to score with young men. An enormously delicious 15-year-old named **Ben V** of Miami, Florida told us she's having an affair with his family doctor. "And he doesn't do the least handsome **Rock Hudson** or **Richard Warren**," she giggled.

"We called Ben for details about his relationship with her during dinner." "Michael is a beautiful, sexy, coming man in his middle 30s," she said. "Our relationship got back on its feet as possibly could. He was the doctor that delivered me."

"We became best in a year ago when I was 16. I had gotten my first job up by a carnival but who knew he'd pop out before he came, but didn't. We found a mother who did an illegal abortion. She

boasted the job. Twelve hours after the abortion, my pussy began hemorrhaging like a stuck pig. Mom called Michael."

"After he married me, Michael checked on me and a hospital, where I stayed for four days. He came to the hospital twice a day to examine me. I guess my pussy has changed since I was a baby, because each time he examined a he put a big bridge in the front of his trousers. I just saw a feeling of power that a more skilled g.d. like he could have such an effect on a disappointed man like him."

"A week after I got out of the hospital, I went to Michael's office for a checkup. It was there that I seduced him. I remember I was on my back on the treatment table, and my legs were spread apart with my feet on the scrappies. Michael was putting on his rubber gloves. The hospital way he used my pussy turned a hot job. I got up my courage and said to him, 'If you like what you see, Doctor, why don't you fuck?'"

"One eye was for a moment. Then Michael let out a whimper and even did more. I have one my pussy. Obviously as a child used for the things he did as a sex with his mother. The hospital was, he put on the first orgasm I'd ever had. The next day, one a day that I'd had had no idea how to handle a pump. Michael knew, though. He concentrated on my clitoris, pumping it gently at first, then giving a little two hands, then making it harder and harder. His finger fucked me at the same time, so my two vaginas, pumping down in front then faster and faster. A big explosion built up inside me and I came, screaming."

"As I found back to earth, I thought I was played out. But when Michael stood up and said his bag, and finally, my own my pussy started flowing again. He fucked my breasts out that way, his hands up and his laying back in the scrappies. When he got ready to come, he reached down and gave me the three things with his hands. That's all it took from such a report I came with Michael's second time."

"My previous doctor and I have been bedding up a storm ever since. We do it in secret, on the back end of his car, in my home when Mom's not home. But whenever place is not the most and on table in his office. When I tell Michael I'll never love anyone like I love him, he smiles a little badly and says, 'I haven't got you my life. Right, that miserable one of life is a horrible wrong one of my blood complex. Maybe he's right, but we're taking the cure. Michael may be just 30, but he's the hottest I've ever had.'"

The youngest item who described her sexual adventures with older men is an ex-Gotham **Tammy L.**, age 16. Tammy is having an affair with **Joe B.**, age 40, a physics teacher at her school. "Joe keeps telling me we shouldn't get too serious," she said, "but I can't help it. I'm crazy about him. He admits I was the

answer to his prayer, just as he was the answer to mine."

"My love life was nil before I met Joe. It's not that I'm not pretty, but, as you can see, I'm 17!" said. Guys my age are mostly shorter than me. They don't ask me out because they don't want to go out with a girl who's taller than them."

"Joe says his love life was nil too, even though he's been married 30 years. His wife has let herself get seriously out of shape, he says. He says she weighs almost 300 pounds. So he's too easily attracted to her in the first place, and he says when he does not let her see the usually says she's too hard on him a beautiful life." (Just a simple people.) "I never say my opinion."

"In fact, just the other day it was Joe who said to me. It was a Sunday, and we drove up to his cabin in the woods. I decided to see how many times in one day I could make him come by sucking him off. The first four times he got up and off almost as quick as you'd expect. I did him the fifth time on the front porch of the cabin at sunset. He got hard very enough, but the poor guy really had to work at getting his rocks off. I caressed him for a solid half hour. He grunted and groaned and finally shot a few drops into my mouth. With that, he collapsed in his chair and said, 'You more today, Angel. I'll come out more soon, my balls are going to fall off.'"

"Like I said, my affair with Joe has been just the way. Instead of the wilderness I was browsing, my partner with an older man has made me full—and hot, and my—growth up and glamorous and sexy."

In closing, a compendium of tips from the trailblazing women themselves for those who would get it on with young girls:

Linda: "Make us laugh. A good laugh is an excellent for freedom, not only for sexual discovery but for sexual intercourse."

Brendy: "Watch your weight. Young people are a size zero today. We don't like smaller."

Joan: "Don't wear a corset even if you're told to on an egg. Even an expensive corset is an obvious fake and therefore a turn-off."

Tammy: "Dress young. Skip out on jewelry. By this, I don't mean one chain and one tie but no age, but corset necks and your picture rather than size and sex."

Rhonda: "Spend a little money on it. The average guy out age is broke. You can look really good by comparison if you wear us to a nice dinner or need on flowers."

Merry: "If all the fails, get on drunk or high on pot. Lots people of both sexes and all ages, we go serious when we're wasted."

Rene: "Once you're on our mind, don't be selfish like most teenage boys are. Find out how we like to be fucked, then fuck us anyway."

Part II: Young Men & Older Women



In 1748, American patriot, author, orator, scientist, statesman, philosopher, and Declaration of Independence signer **BENJAMIN FRANKLIN** published in his *Poor Richard's Almanac* an article entitled "Advice to a Young Man." The article listed the following eight reasons why Ben felt it behooved young men to court older women:

1. Because they have more knowledge of the world.
2. Because when women come to be desired, they study to be good - there is hardly such a thing as an old Woman who is not a good Woman.
3. Because there is no hazard of children, which irregularly produced may be attended with much inconvenience.
4. Because through more Experience they are more prudent and discreet in considering an intention to propose. Experience - first of the Affairs should happen to the Woman, our modern People might be rather inclined to marry an old Woman, who would readily take care of a young Man, than for us men by her good Councils, and prevent her from any the Health and Pleasure among necessary Prudences.

5. Because in every Woman's chest dwells a nymph, the *Deity of the Month* that, till the Maiden appears first in the *August Part*. The first fire, given first and unbridled, then the Moon, then the Moon and Venus, the lower parts continuing to the last as plump as ever, so then covering all above with a blanket, and appearing only when it behoves the Grail, is a temperate of our Women is known as wisdom from a young man. And as to the Dark old Maid one says, the *Phoenix of Concord Experiment* with an old Woman is an last sport and frequently ingratiate.

6. Because the man is free. The Debauching of a Young man by her Man, and make her Life unhappy.

7. Because she having made a young Man sensible may give you frequent knowledge, more of what can be good making an old Woman happy.

8. And lastly. They are in plenty!

Unimpeachable young men who have followed the foregoing advice realize that Ben Franklin knew what he spoke, the old prissy is indeed choice prey. Connoisseurs deep the change that when they court older women they are seeing an unadulterated gem to their members. Said a 15-year-old maid of our acquaintance, "I

for an old clerk for the simple reason that they're better men than young gals. Whoever hasn't made this discovery is in for a pleasant surprise."

Meddler is sure, the gray-haired non-progers of advances from such knowing youths are overjoyed in the opportunity (usually ungrateful) to purge themselves on land, young and old.

Although May-December couples wherein the man is the older partner are more common than the other way around, history has seen in many forms of older women-younger man romances. Even of using queens, for example, were once getting a lot with young men. One was the remarkable **CLEOPATRA**, Queen of the Nile. This illustrious lady went so far as to construct a temple to house young male slaves, who were fed poison to make them happy. The only woman the slaves were allowed to taste, of course, was their mistress. It's written Cleopatra would sometimes take on as many as a hundred of these poisonous youths in a single night.

Rome's Empress **THEODORA** likewise had a menage for young men. As and party got well chosen, her favorite pick was no man partner at which all the guests other than herself were male and under 25. Theodora would greet the youths naked except for a ribbon around her middle. She went thus much only to comply with a Roman law against complete nudity in public. After telling the young men over the tea hour, the empress would grab 40 male then awaken it down and take on her guests' male members.

Then there was **QUEEN MARY I OF ENGLAND**, nicknamed Bloody Mary because she burned 300 men. Catholic martyrs in the make. In the course of her life, Mary experienced both roles of the May-December couple. Her father, Henry VIII, her King Francis I of France took Mary when she was only ten. Many years later, after consummate love affairs, negotiations, and debauches with the young duke of her court, Mary and King Philip II of Spain when she was 40 and he was 20. The royal couple reportedly lacked happily ever after for the remaining four years of the queen's life.

Mary's half sister and successor on the British throne was **QUEEN ELIZABETH I**. Although Elizabeth never married (thus giving rise to a legend that she was actually a witch), she never deprived herself of a steady diet of young men. Her most notable love affair was with Robert Devereux, the Earl of Essex, who was 15 years her junior. The romance ended unhappily in 1601 when Essex attempted a rebellion against Elizabeth I and she responded by having him executed. Subsequently angry at having eliminated her young lover, the queen died heartbroken and happy within six years.

Romance expert **CATHERINE THE GREAT** got more than good clothing

from her seven-year-younger sister Orpheo. Only after President Calles resigned sole possession of the Roman throne in 1923 when Plutarco finished a band of nobles that controlled her has



been, Emperor Porfirio Díaz. The emperor revealed that form by promoting the peasants to the rank of general in the Mexican army.

A more recent example of wedded carrying on in royal mode is Mexico's **PRINCESS MARGARET'S** affair with wealthy pop singer Ruddy Livinsky. May's 18-year marriage to Antonio Arreola-Argüelles, the Earl of Noraduna, for the radio in 1978 when Tony spotted a newspaper photo of his wife, 41, rubbing digits with Livinsky, 31, during a party at her house on Montecito at the Garibaldi Hotel in Mexico.

The Social Register on, like myself, has boasted quite a few cracklecracking old castles over the years. Among the most notorious was **JENNIE JEROME**, mother of the Winsor. Churchill. After the death of Winsor's father, Lord Randolph Churchill, Jenny went on a young-cuck-hung. She had scores of affairs with younger men, and wound up marrying two who were respectively 30 and 23 years her junior. In 1908, when she was 40, Jennie married 36-year-old Scots Guards Lieutenant George Cornwallis-West, son of one of her girlfriends and a childhood playmate of her son, Winsor. At 44 in 1913, Jennie married French government businessman Maurice Barth. 41 During the smoldering three years of Jennie's life he spent most of his time on assignments in Mexico while she got in her last fling with a host of young, male admirers.

Woolworth's five-and-dime heiress **BABARAK BUDSON** took seven husbands between 1922 and 1935. As she grew older, the husbands grew relatively younger: she was the senior partner in her last four marriages. A generous woman given to that. As each marriage split up, Barbara dished out huge sums in alimony to six of her seven exes. Desperate gambler Porfirio Roblesco, the 18th Mr. Budson, asked for and got his alimony to a \$1,000,000 lump sum! (He was already collecting \$25,000 a year for life from an

ex-wife as well, American Tobacco Company heiress Doris Duke.)

Budson's fellow scoundrel, **MOSE HAMPTON** (aka the Duchess of Park Avenue, wife Emerson Jones Brantlett) in 1923 when she was 32 and he was 31. When he died in 1940, he left Budge proportionally rich, not to mention free to indulge his penchant for the young. Each. Over the years, his Hampton has been a flake at Manhattan opening nights, usually escorted by one or more handsome young gentlemen of the evening. Convinced with introducing the race to Club Society back in the 1950s, powerful hosting Budge said of the dance, "You've got to have the body for it. I've got the body." She was 55 in 1959.

Steve Nathan has hosted numerous elite monomaniacs and love matches over the years. One of the most notorious guests was American dancer **SALESHA DUNCAN** and Russian revolutionist poet **SERGEI EHREN**, who were 44 and 27 respectively when they wed in 1933. Budge's specialty was dating harder on fellow scoundrels. Just prior to his marriage to Budge, she had spent a year in Athens, performing and attempting unsuccessfully to raise financing for a Temple of Dance in the Greek capital. It was reported she had much better luck in recent badness on young Greek studs, taking as many as three and four at a time on occasion. Budge's and Sergei's affair was reported to be short-lived. He committed suicide in 1935, and she was killed two years later when one of the flying tourists from which her trademark scar emerged in a wheel of a moving automobile.



At last again, actress **MAR WEST** at the age of 16 was still surrounding herself with young musketeers. Although she wasn't even 16 yet she is usually associated with her weight lifter, has recently upped one of her famous quotes on the subject of sex. "I will do all my bare work in bed," she said. Miss musketeer for reality to deem living with a third thyroid gland that was discovered during a medical exam some years back. Whatever her screwing habits past and present, she long ago cast off sleeping with anyone in the broad sense. "I sleep alone as a housewife had I

would be able to do much out as a woman and less uncomfortable, as I don't sleep."

French rock singer **EDITH PIAF** was 47 and her husband. These songs was 37 when they married exactly one year before her death on October 9, 1963. A few years earlier, Edith had shocked up such a whole singing group. The name Compagnons de la Chanson lived with her as her first marriage in 1940. While Edith had no complaints about the young women's interest in her, she did, as we already said and doing better, sleep in their dress living habits. Surprisingly, she welcomed the Compagnons the Boy Scout of Song. In her last years, the love affair of Edith's life was with a man who was younger than her by five years. His romance of a lifetime with middleweight boxing champion Marcel Cerdan ended when he was killed in a plane crash in October, 1949.

Actress **BEULE GIBSON** didn't take a crack at the young stuff until relatively late in life. She was 48 when she married Bob Williams, 36, in 1975. Bob at the time was a star on TV's *Laverne & Shirley*. After a humble start as show business in Queens, Thompson, dance hall girl, Beule rose to become a member of the French royal family. She became a member by two steps of French nobility when her second husband, film producer Alexander Korda, was impaled.

Legendary sex kitten **BRIGHTER BARDET** has aged to a cool 43 years, yet she remains the picture sex symbol of her time. Finally in a recent French newspaper full of 16-year-olds both named Brigitte in their club women. To the top, she was the woman they'd most like to be, and so the girl she was the woman they'd most like to grow up to be like. Commenting on the poll, Brigitte said, "Maybe the kids are attracted to me because they want to be older than me. Maybe they want to be the same as them—I'm not completely available."

Another 43-year-old comely icon of young rock is **MAMIE VAN DORN**. Mamie was having on young stuff even when she herself was young. She had a fling with baseball pitcher Ben Sedwary when she was 26 and he was 25. When she was 34, she married (briefly) baseball player Les Mayers. 31. When she was 37 and her son Perry Anthony (of the Bachelor King) was 13, Mamie said an interview, "Whenever there are any good looking young guys around, Perry calls me. He knows the score." At present, Mamie is sharing her Mayers' place, California ranchman with 12-year-old writer-actor Tim Dorn. Reflecting back on her life, she said recently, "Remember when every male had to be Mamie? Marilyn Monroe, Marjorie Monard, Maria Wilson, Marie McDonald, Joyce Mandrell, Jr. Loring—all of them are dead now. The only ones left are Ruth Novak, Sharon Norde, and me."

Other celebrity couples wherein the women were older than the men have included William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, some years age difference, French novelist and novelist husband/wife "Miss" Marcell and Mary Anne Wyndham Lewis, 15 years, poets Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 33



years, Whodunnit author Raymond Chandler and Pearl Browne, 17 years, U.S. president Warren G. Harding and his mistress, five years, writing during 1930s German writer and Ruth Gordon, 18



years, Miss Marcell and Basil Arden, 30, 7 years, children therapist Mary Pritchard and Buddy Rogers, 11 years, and Charles's Angel Kaye Jackson, and her 1918 husband Andrew Stevens (son of Seth's five years.

FURITAN topped with a young (22) man named Larry E. who lives in Pittsburgh and is a welder by trade. By coincidence, he has become an oral and breast cancer surgeon. "I have to thank

FURITAN for one of the wildest pieces of sex I ever had in my life," Larry said. "I was in a dirty book store on a cold afternoon in March, looking at the pictures in your magazine and getting a raging hard-on. Suddenly, there was a redheaded woman standing there, staring at the bulge in my crotch. She was about 40, big nose, firm nose. We had holes.

"I'm Martha Brown," she said, out of Larry. "I've been your friend, Larry."

"Then she propositioned me straight out. Told me she was a widow living with her 13-year-old son, had had a dead a year, hadn't had a fuck since. Said she was lonely in the best sense of the Pittsburgh Symphony.

"Martha drove me to her house in McKeesport. Faced me a heart-on and played. We didn't finish half our drinks before we were in the bedroom, bumping our heads off. We fucked all night.

"Come morning, Martha had to go up and go to work. Told me she'd cook me a nice dinner when she got home about six o'clock. I fell back asleep until the middle of the morning, when I felt a hand reaching my cock and balls and a pair of lips in mine. I opened my eyes. Jesus H. Christ, it was Martha's mother!

"The old lady gave me a shirty fuck. She was naked. I pulled out of bed and asked her what she thought she was doing.

"Please, Larry," she said. "I watched you fuck my daughter last night. Never in my life have I seen a cock as big as yours. I want you to fuck me. I haven't had a man in six years. Please, I want it so bad! I'll pay you anything if you'll fuck this boy, he won't push between my legs!"

"Her son begged almost to her waist and her pussy had was grey. I didn't feel like fucking her. Besides, I asked her, wasn't she afraid an eight-inch cock would rip her dried up old pussy to shreds?

"She chuckled and pulled out a tube of K-Y jelly. She also told me she was in the habit of masturbating three or four times a day with a vibrator damn near as big as my cock. No, she wasn't worried about getting too wet too up.

"When she felt I thought I'd try it.

"I told the old lady I needed a shower to wake up. While I showered, she sat on the edge of the tub, playing with my cock and balls. I didn't get hard, even when she started to suck on it. I asked her to walk her finger in my asshole and work it in and out and that while she sucked me. That did the trick. My prick stood up, and pretty soon I came in the old lady's mouth.

"We went back to Martha's bed. I put three pillows under the old lady's ass and told her to spread her legs wide. I got between her legs. Her pussy lips were big and floppy. When I said that this would be the last time I use an 80-year-old pussy, she said it would be the first time she'd ever had her pussy stand in her whole life. At 62, she was a kind of a

virgin. She said, 'I've read about it, I've dreamed about it, but I've never had it done to me in all my born days. Oh, we are, Larry! Fuck my old pussy!"

"I knickered down and lifted around her outer lips with the tip of my tongue. Next I used my tongue down both her thighs, then back up again to the crack of her ass. I spread those floppy-old outer lips good and wide, and put a ball of her clit with my lips and teeth. I was surprised how clean, juicy, and sweet smelling her cunt was. She was wild with joy when I started sucking on her clit, then at first, then faster and faster, harder and harder.

"Oh, good! Good! Oh, sweet Jesus," she screamed. "Oh, my God, it's so good! Please, please, please don't stop! Fuck your tongue in me, Larry! Deeper! Deeper! Look me! Fuck me! Oh, God, you're so good! Oh, you are fucking me! Fuck, fuck, work my ass!"

"When she came, her thighs cramped that so tight, the clench near cracked my skull. I never dreamed an old lady could get her rocks off so wild. I am that proud old pussy for close to an hour before she stopped for mercy.

"We sleep a while, then the old woman fixed us lunch. When we were through eating, we got back in bed. I lifted her over again. 'I'd like to go in good and good up and the begin whispering to feel my cock in her. She wanted it deeper still. I lifted her over and showed old eight inches in, all the way to my balls. While I'm pumping in and out of her cunt, I put two fingers up her hole and squeezed her cervix with my other hand. After the come that way, I pulled her up and fucked her standing up on the floor. After that, I found her come in that old pussy. She sat on my lap as a class to fuck. I pulled her on her back, the ball of me on my back. She was back drunk. "Larry," she said, "The never been fucked so good as my life. I want you to live with me. Please, I'll give you anything you want, just don't ever leave me."

"I knickered her pussy a little more, then we both fell asleep.

"Martha came home to find me sleeping between her mother's legs. Motioning to me, she lifted her top. "Mother, how could you?" she asked. "He's my man, Mother. You have no right to send him from me after I've been so good to you!"

"The old lady said, 'Like hell he's yours! Go get yourself another and leave him keeping this one for myself!"

"We worked out a compromise. I want Martha and her mother three times a week and fuck them both.

"I want your readers to know that old pussy is not dried up and moved. It's clean, it smells good, and there are no V.D. or baby problems to worry about. Give me a 60-year-old cunt any time. As a matter of fact, my latest girlfriend told me when it's like to get it on with an 80-year-old pussy."

ALAN WARD

ALAN WARD

Come on, show the generation gap! It was, says Anne Cumming, who spent a formative summer in the late 1960s, after her divorce, she decided to renounce sex but soon changed her mind, mostly because her father told her that wasn't really, able and willing young men during his very own years to court her in this endeavor, which she describes as her book "The Great Mother." Published last year in England by Alfred Knopf, it's now about to show and delight disorient readers with a new version from Doubtless.

A self-proclaimed "dirty old woman," Anne certainly does not fit this description. The 51-year-old elegant lady who sits me in her charmingly furnished New York apartment on Central Park West (she keeps another one in Rome near the Spanish Steps) reminds me rather of a gentle dame in "Manservant, Mistrustful." And her wistful, softly British accent complements the picture. A grey wig (she has covered over a still pretty face with confidence that you find an image of dignity, for she looks endowed opportunities to be misinterpreted by several classes and heights around her acknowledge of grace and present direct.

"Men were of my young men," says Anne Cumming with a smiling gesture toward a table set for a supper. Two people sit politely from their chairs to be introduced. Michael, obviously an overcast and shy about the matter, does so for a while, or just the opposite (you from Italy, dismissed in his book as "The Black Boy") who is tall, well-kept, but as the female, finding more such and misbehavior from her than want to induce. "You have beautiful eyes," he murmurs to me, before me more in Anne. Anne gives me—"I'm better than"—and offers Jane English cakes and cookies. She's a lovely hostess. He wonder young men just comprehend what he, she does not show with "the boys," as the subject is shown, especially something once only saying please to her features.

LISA: How did you meet Anne, Michael?

MICHAEL: We were on a bus in New Orleans. It was one of those Greyhound Bus Lines, a kind of hippieship, with no seats in it, just mattresses. I was looking for a place to lay down, because someone had taken my spot. I saw Anne sitting there and I asked her if I could put my head on her lap. She said, "Sure, please do." She was very nice.

What did Anne do on such a bus?

CUMMING: (laughing) I always travel that way. I was going to the March 68. When Michael put his head on my lap, I straightened his hair. Didn't I, Michael?

How did you feel about this kind of familiarity?

MICHAEL: It was very pleasant.

How old were you then?

MICHAEL: 17, it happened last year.

And what were you drinking at the time? Can't you remember me any?

MICHAEL: No, it was a fairly innocent thing.

Then what happened?

MICHAEL: Well, we arrived in New Orleans and I think Anne was one of the few people who had booked a hotel there. I was going to stay on the bus, but the problem was taking showers and things like that. So she offered for me take a shower in her room and I did.

And before you knew it, there was Anne in the shower with you...

MICHAEL: (laughing) You might say we became better acquainted then.

You told me how it happened. Can't be faithful about it?

CUMMING: It is a beautiful boy!

And you were carrying a faithful boy?

MICHAEL: I'd think you can imagine.

I have a very vivid imagination, but still.

CUMMING: Really, it was a very small room, not even of the occasion of pregnancy and of that particular situation. Once we got back again in New York, we both stayed back into our usual lives, but we've gone on being very friendly. We've each other once or twice a week and I've encouraged Michael to have affairs with young girls and I've gone on as wherever else I've gone on to.

How did you feel about this whole thing? It must have been a whole new experience for you, a woman with that age difference?

MICHAEL: Yes, it was.

Did you have any hang-ups about it?

MICHAEL: Well, when you have never been that kind of experience before, you are really conscious of the fact that it's unusual, as you do about a lot about it. But I mean, it was a matter to do it, so I was not quite so very experienced in my mind.

BOB STEINMAN

an interview by Lisa Hoffman

COMING & CUMMING

NOVEMBER 1981

But how did the experience change you in a different way, younger girl?

MICHAEL How did it compare? I guess it was quite similar. A woman is a woman and there is no mistake in that fact. And the art of intercourse proceeds like with a younger woman.

I see. So there is really no difference, I mean the fact that there is a woman with a lot of experience, maybe taking care, whereas a young girl is more spontaneous or vulnerable?

MICHAEL Well, younger girls can be vulnerable as they are taken over fast. This can't be because a woman is older she is therefore more appreciative. No, I think there was a mystery between us and I really wouldn't want to put my hand of hold on it.

What kind of words do you say, by the way?

MICHAEL I'm a writer.

Are you still having an occasional woman with you?

MICHAEL Well, that's kind of faded in to the background, we are no more friends than lovers.

But you have no qualms, if there ever came a moment along of her age or of a older age than you? After wouldn't be? Because then it wasn't a affair with her, if you liked her?

MICHAEL No, I don't think it would I think that kind of hesitancy is unknown in people, due to our culture which glorifies youth. I think this kind of experience can be quite healthy.

I agree, O.K., but I still think he is Julia. Let's hear him say one more.

JULIO We had quite a colorful and bright meeting. We passed each other on the street once. In the case Mother of us had any idea who the other one was. This was five years ago. I was 19 then. I was just walking and I saw this beautiful lady coming down the street. I have the fear of American ladies.

Why do you have fear?

JULIO Well, I usually approach and you usually turned down and I don't like my ego bloated. So I used of this because.

You don't do it just if the ladies, you have fear of rejection.

JULIO Yes. I am in a position and I smiled at her and she didn't, you make like everybody else, she really needed with brightness and warmth, like the love what she was doing. More people see you than she sees when you look at them, but the didn't. We just kept on walking and then we stopped and turned around and looked at each other for awhile, sort of timidly, and I was like surprised about the fact, how I am, just a poor boy on the street and here she stopped to look at me. It could be a bit rather good? She asked why I smiled and I told her because she looked very happy and bright and nice and we kept walking. Little did we know that she was going to bring us up the next again, because she met up in a friend's house. She was coming over for dinner and I was just stopping by to have a word with her. As I was ready to leave, she was waiting in and I just couldn't believe my eyes. We fell in

to each other's arms, just exactly like we'd known each other all along. And my first thought was we were just playing a trick on her head. We kept going to explain and he stopped me in the street and we were just very glad to see each other, you know.

So when was your first sexual experience with her?

JULIO That day. Right then. You must think your friend tells us in the street? They, are you a fast operator or not? Is she into with the moment?

JULIO We both did.

Did you go home with her that night?

JULIO No. We sat down and I stayed the night. My friend came back about 10 o'clock, really beautiful.

That certainly was a "quicker"?

JULIO He found us putting our clothes back on.

It did not bother him too much?

JULIO No, he seemed very much in good, he said though we were playing a piece with him. It was to make him, it only happens usually in European movies. And it looks a moment in our way, I lost the first of all the women.

What was the experience like to be with a lady, already or much older than any of your other girlfriends?

JULIO It was beautiful, soft and pleasant. The next, but no bad point, which made it even more of an experience.

You didn't feel in any way embarrassed, she could be my mother, that sort of thing?

JULIO No, not at all, I actually did a turn-on in a moment, that's what it is.

The fact that she is a woman of mature has nothing to do with it then?

JULIO No, that never came into the picture at all, at least not with me. We never really were not. I would rather say her for me at home, his special thing but always been great for me. Some men we take a walk on the park.

Then you don't mind being seen by any of your friends with a woman her age?

JULIO No, in a matter of fact, I'm flattered. It shows the people I have and the class, because she is a rather classy person, very elegant.

Do you notice any difference between an older woman and a younger woman? Are you ever not with them?

JULIO Yes. The older woman usually has more experience, sort of more fun in it. She has no brain.

How do you feel about being mistaken in her look?

JULIO I love it. I wish I had come out two years ago. I think it's more American women—especially the mothers, aunt and uncles—not related.

CUMMING What you liked better about the financial things, I have always been extremely careful, for the sake of the boys themselves, never to spend them at any way. If I am with a young man who has money, then we do maybe some expensive things together, which I know he can afford to pay for them or maybe he makes me once, I take him once. I

scale myself down to the person I'm with, because I have so many friends—even lovers—my own age and I have to do them to take me in the theater and things like that. Usually, when I've somebody who is very young and isn't a great deal of money, I may even have perhaps more in my time and have more in my home and walk in the park and go to a museum or occasionally we go to the museum and maybe I pay, like I would do with any friend. But I've always been on the careful to shape myself in the lifestyle and means of the lover of the moment.

But you are a very unusual woman in that respect, because that is not the usual thing that happens. I'm thinking for example of the older women in Hollywood and the papers.

CUMMING Yes, but I don't want my relationships with them to be like that, you see. In the first place I don't want to spend my money on strange young men. If I have my money to spend, I would like to spend it on my daughter and on my grandchildren.

It's not a sign that you are very secure. You feel you don't have to pay for services rendered, because you have it after a lot of years?

CUMMING Exactly. Also I don't want to corrupt the boys in that way and spend them, let them go used to someone spending money. I did very deeply that it's a very good transition from having the mother and the mother's spendings and getting out into life. The mature experience of having an older woman is somewhere between the mother and the other younger woman whom they are going to be in love with and have relationships with later. And therefore you have to carry over all kinds of sexual and psychological things as well, but just to be equal mother to an occasional helpmate.

It's a form of therapy then?

CUMMING In a way. Therefore it's very important that they learn to be dependent and can rely on you for anything, financially or otherwise.

If you have a boy interested in young men what you were married or did it only happen when you became 30 years old?

CUMMING Oh, no. It happened quite by mistake. As my friend, William Burroughs, said and "Sex becomes a habit, the more difficult of them all to kick." Within the past few years I have had a habit which runs from the harmless pleasure of favorite pleasures to more dangerous and extreme pleasures. Many of my friends have said me why my interest is so young. So I've begun to ask myself the same question. I think the answer is: Helen. And, like many habits, I fell into it by mistake. I stopped it and so continued it. It seems to be harmless and often beneficial to both parties. It is a little odd, because the old is in sight from the very beginning. There is a healthy consciousness. I have sometimes asked myself "Is it worth it? Perhaps the young men themselves should answer that. I myself regret nothing and no one.

Point Blank

A woman with dark hair, wearing a white button-down shirt, is sitting on a dark-colored couch. She is looking off to the side with a thoughtful expression, her hand near her face. Behind her, a man in a dark suit and tie is standing, his face partially visible in profile. The background is a warm, out-of-focus interior space with a lamp and some furniture. The overall mood is intimate and dramatic.

...affair with an under-cover agent

Photographs by Peter Linco















Mail

(Continued from page 4)

"...they line up at my door... to see Puritan."

Howdy Joe, though I would drop you a line or two to let you know that I have received your last issue numbers one and two. Also, since it is early December and still no sign of the eagerly anticipated third issue Puritan let me know when it comes out—I don't want to miss out on a single issue.

Your publication is almost too beautiful to believe. It was interesting to finally do business with a company whose product was everything they said it was and more. The format is well done, the articles are interesting, the fiction works are mouth-watering, and the photography layout are exquisite. My only regret about your product is that you don't offer a lifetime subscription that I will be sure to be a member when my current subscription runs out.

I am currently incarcerated in a California prison and having any more mailings, even if I be on the female list now, pass. I subscribe to numerous other magazines of a sexually oriented nature, but few of my brothers have an interest in them any longer. Yet they line up at my door for the chance to see Puritan. Could it be that once they've seen the boys, they have no use for the rest? It would seem so. I've even persuaded a couple of them to subscribe. Your product sells itself!

I've been toying with the idea of whipping up a little something for possible publication. My wife loves the way Puritan. I would like to maybe some of your readers would like.

Thank you again for your beautiful magazine I remain

Devon D Brown
Troy, CA

Dear Dennis: Glad to hear that you enjoy the magazine. We're sure you had plenty of time to look at it! Seriously—no appreciate anyone who appreciates people like I, Puritan and if you'd like to submit, we'd be happy to print it in a book. Ed.

"Puritan #1... steals the show..."

Dear Jeffrey: Greetings from Southern California! You must be interested to know that my copy of Puritan #1, which sits on my coffee table along with other scholarly journals, steals the show whenever people stop over. The cover has no trouble commanding their attention, and they stare at with unwavering concentration, no page unturned, no pause overlooked. I know the day that Puritan #1 arrives, I will be swamped with people I can picture fights about who'll read it first.

Sincerely,
Ben Corbitt
San Diego, CA

"...REAL CLASS!"

To Whom It May Concern: I am pleased to inform you that I received my copy of Puritan #1 a few weeks after your letter stating that it was on its way. Although you said that Puritan #1 would not be out for quite some time, I would like you to inform me when #1 will be available and send it to me when I already paid you for it. By the way, it is the most fantastic magazine I ever read...RAME GAZAR

Yours truly,
Sheldon L. Jacobson
Montreal, Quebec

"Hurry that stroke-book...before I sperm in my shorts!"

Dear Sir: As a Charter Subscriber I am most anxious for your third issue. Hopefully I will receive it promptly. Please inform me of the current status of your outstanding sperm-produced. We can hardly wait for the next issue. Miled I am sure with spermated bodies dropping with you soon.

Hurry that stroke-book, boys and girls, before I sperm on my shorts!
Sincerely,
J A Brown
Johns, Illinois

P.S.—Just reminder this is a suggestion for future issues: A few young groups of male being locked and sucked by a hairy girl just dying to be covered from head to toe with you.

"I will continue to fight for the right to obtain future issues..."

Dear Sir: Thank you for sending me Puritan Volume 1, #1. I've enclosed my order for Volume 1, #1 of Puritan.

I've never understood how society can say that one is bisexual, but chastity is a considered paragraph. I believe that adults have the right to read whatever material they want to. Studies have already proven that reading erotic material doesn't negatively affect adults. Yet, our government continues to ban certain erotic material. The whole government isn't up concerning erotic material as individuals and makes a mockery of the word democracy.

The government judges a magazine guilty of obscenity and you have to prove its innocence. The appeal procedure is handled by another government official. Finally, you can take the government to court, where you risk losing hundreds of dollars or legal fees with little chance of a decision being in your favor.

I have written letters to the Customs Department, the Postal Manager and checked with the Bureau of the Census and lawyers, regarding the legal aspect. And I will continue to fight for the right to obtain future issues of your fine magazine.

In all the letters I've written to the various government officials, I've never had one explain to me how they can ban men's magazines while not banning the sexually explicit sex manual, *Shame Me Also*, *Shame Me* was meant to be shown to children, while men's magazines and your magazine were only meant to be purchased and seen by adults.

In closing, I want to tell you how impressed I am with your magazine. The photography and the articles are excellent and it's about time someone put out a sexually explicit magazine. Any time that these different men's magazines (*Playboy*, *High Society*, *Cherry*, etc.) that your magazine is one of the best on the market, you know you're doing something right. I only hope that the Canadian Customs Department allows me to obtain all issues of your magazine.

Yours truly,
Gary Zaki
Waterloo, Ontario, Canada

"fantastic"

Gentlemen: I am writing to you concerning issue #1 of Puritan magazine. As of yet I have not received my copy. Has it gone out yet or is it still delayed? Puritan is a fantastic magazine—keep up the good work. I am looking forward to my next copy. If there is any problem, please let me know.

Thank you,
Harry Paulson
Bowie, Maryland

GROWING UP

When I was young, roughly 10 years,
Without a lick 'n a trace,
My friends and me, quite shamelessly,
perked off behind the fence.

Joe Phillips took a party look
his brother wouldn't miss;
We figured our lap o're some soap box
so hard it hurt us pass.

Sometimes we'd be two—I can't forget—
on how far our we'd come;
Say, it was grand, with prick in hand,
just critical on the road.

I knew one word, I wrote to God,
as from a goodnight dream,
It there as far as I had a car
and smiled at the scene.

Our path got off to a good whiff
of Tommy's mother's pants,
Drama, it was real, that day smelt—
Sweet pop of first romance!

One day, Bill Smith, possibly brought you
some clothes that he'd found;
We talked them on each Christmas day
and watched another found.

But then I grew and learned to screw—
according to the Flax.

Goodbye to boys and boyhood days,
I had become a man.

Yours truly,
Jack Mandel (see p. page 44)
Lorbeer, PA



Something Strange

PURITAN'S QUARTERLY BOOK

—by Malcolm Braly—

This cautionary tale begins like the joke where the old Jewish couple is taking a walk in the evening.

I'm not sure why it has to be a Jewish couple. It's still funny even if it's a Lutheran couple. This old Lutheran couple is taking a walk in the early evening when out of the bushes leap three Puerto Rican rapists. And neither do I know why they have to be Puerto Rican rapists. Let's make them Latino rapists. These three Latino rapists leap from the shadows and throw the old Lutheran lady in the sidewalk and begin to tear off her undergarment.

"Lynwood! Lynwood!" She cries out to her husband, "They're trying to screw me!"

"Well," he says with that famous Lutheran irony, "Why don't you tell them you have a headache?"

THE HOLLOW LAUGHTER YOU HEAR IS FROM THOSE WHO have been married over five years. Kinky, my bride of seven summers, is too sophisticated to pretend one of those Lutheran headaches but she employs a vast arsenal of similar weaponry which can range from husband and delicate allusion to the maximum pressure occurring in her stopped body to a flat and irrefutable, "I just! Don't! Feel like it!"

And does it matter? Does it matter whether she claims a headache or tells you solemnly that Mary is in the seventh house of Capricorn, the Sun is passed off to the Moon, and

anyone insensitive enough to try to fuck at such a sinister time will probably be struck dead in mid-fucking by a meteorite? Doesn't it amount to the same thing? I think you'll have to agree that throwing a rock and launching a missile is essentially the same act, particularly if you're killed by the rock, and "no", no matter how you're told, is still no. No. No. No. No. No. No.

I had already spent too many nights prowling the lower part of our house, inches off the ground in a water glass, while Kathy lay asleep between the cool sheets, chewing her way through the collected works of Virginia Woolf, another lady who sat on it while her husband parked off in to his work, and I didn't know what to do. I was tired of hugging. Thirty-five-years-old, as you old as I am. So I was sucking my breadly like a bored dog gnaws a hard bone. It seemed to me a stiff prick was the only order I needed to rule. In the rising tide of impotence, in this epidemic of long needles, a cool hardon should be a jewel of great value. So I reasoned and the breadly reasoned within me.

The stranger thing, the thing which galled me most, was that there was nothing Kathy liked more than a good fuck, but it was impossible to get her to admit it. I couldn't understand why I could no longer handle and kiss her until I could once again communicate to her by vision of that one perfect place, the serene taste of rapture with all those sweet hot pulses promising the security of eternal delight, where I had once roiled with her, my prick the piston of our marvelous engine, straight into the core of the sun. Well, the sun can warm you, grant life, but it can also fry you like a Pina.



"She turned in a way that thrust up her lovely ass, as if in sleep she were asking for what she denied her waking self."

Something Strange

THIS NIGHT I DRANK MORE BRANDY THAN USUAL AND A

a strange, blurred, somewhat intellectually incoherent story out. I wanted to hear music and be where people were having a good time together. I drove to a local bar which had recently redecorated into stained glass and hanging baskets of ferns in an effort to pull the smart young disco crowd. The ferns were plastic and the people were blundered cups of most successful models, but the music was loud and slick. I ordered a double bourbon from a bartender who looked like he dyed his hair with liquid shoe polish and turned to watch the dancers. There were so cool girls worth watching in this place: girl who swung her hips like Reggie Jackson swings a bat and a little black girl, round and juicy as a plum. I love to watch girls. To me it seems miraculous that they all, every one of them from the finest to the ugliest, they all have pussies.

Think of it, my friend, there's enough pussy on the planet to stretch to Jupiter and back.

The bartender brought my drink and permanently copied a five-dollar bill. As I took my first sip, someone tried to crush my left shoulder. I turned to find Cooke Laverne. Cooke's slightly twice normal size, with twice the amount of large white teeth. His jaw jutted into a light-blue oval and his feet hung from his legs some like bags of ball bearings. These qualities allow him to be a pleasure man. At one time we spent a good many evenings together, chatting, drinking and ballbattering.

He smiled at me and asked, "What are you doing out?"

"Do you think they did me up in sight? I'm out because I'm out."

He reached calmly to the edge of my nose, holding up one large hand in symbolic defiance. "All I know is I haven't seen you around, and you used to be one of my favorite night crawlers."

His expression said he had missed me. Ticking away behind that big white face is a very clever clock. Cooke had long ago recognized our philosophical position and decided to live for the fun of it. It was from him I had first heard the cynic's motto: When traveling on the Titanic, go first class. And he still had his pocket up. He was dressed in a tuxedo coat, vest but no tie, and ruffled looked from his cuffs. He wore three rings and more chains around his neck than Marley's bone.

I tried to answer his question. "Well, I was having a bit work my old lady and the kid, when that was going good, and you know afterwards it didn't always seem like one much fun out here. All I can say was my drinks, bad weather and ladies with large problems."

Cooke shrugged this away and turned to ask the bartender for a Martini Plus. Then he turned back to study me. After a moment, he asked, "And how is Marley?"

It was my turn to shrug. "She's okay."

The bartender brought Cooke's drink. He picked it up and studied it as if it were a stone sample before taking a cautious sip. He nodded and said, "So you're rockin'." He moved his hand to indicate the dance floor. "And you're out to check the young stuff."

It was time for me to appear to overreact. "Now just how did you work that one?"

"Yes, that's it," he continued nodding to approve his own perception. "You need your ruffe blene and your glands moist. You need something strange."

Cooke smiled with the confidence of a confirmed bachelor who's just faced the wisdom of his choice confirmed. He began to stretch a gold coin hanging from one of his chains, rubbing it between his thumb and the first of his hips, where fingers. A philosophical glass began to soften his sharp brow: eyes. "I know you'd burn out. Men shouldn't be here all the time. It's not natural."

"I need to check a report."

Cooke checked his head, enjoying himself. "Maybe we'll make it a wizard—it's just his trade."

That was from a vein of our original foolishness, when we used to sit around trying to invent programs, so I quickly threw a charitable myself. "Yes," I said, "imagination needs any pleasure with the use of balls."

Cooke nodded me with his glass. "Very nice. Okay, how's that? Repetition means any pleasure with the use of balls and comfort is the enemy of art."

I nodded, suddenly feeling better. "I'll buy you a drink."

He put his glass down. "Not one of those, you won't. Anyway I've got a thing to do in Fella Point." Cooke never said what he did to earn his crumcheese and bagels, and I had never felt it would be a very much use to ask. I was sure he was into some kind of action, maybe even something heavy, but I realized I'm tempted to consider all humans Malicious, and they seem tempted to try to get me that impression. Cooke was an exception.

He dropped a dollar on the bar, stood up and put his hand on my shoulder while he washed my face with friendly concern. "You want to go to a party? I mean, something lively."

"Where?"

"Tomorrow night."

"Okay."

"You got to wear a costume."

"Say what?"

Cooke laughed. "You don't get it without a costume."

"That sound precious," I said dryly.

"Okay, who cares? Maybe it won't be a party, maybe it'll be a polymorphic psychodrama, but whatever it is it's sure to be loaded with good dogs and burning with prime pussy. You look like you could use both." He squeezed my shoulder. "I'll call you in the morning."

"I had come good and felt relaxed, but I always found in masturbation some element of defeat. I leaned against the drainboard and began to fantasize about the party Cookie had promised."

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I CLIMBED THE STAIRS TO OUR BEDROOM AND FOUND KATHY

asleep. She slept far on her own side, her back turned toward the place where I would soon be lying. I studied her slender body outlined under the covers. She turned on a way that thrust up her lovely ass, as if in sleep she were asking for what she desired her waking self. I remember running a little to go into her from that angle, coming in a front behind, and hued in the soft firm flesh of her belly, the other on her hip. She used to sit her臀 up for it like a baby bird stretching for a nest for worms, and immediately began to quiver. It was like I observed in a play and all the lights in the world turned so together.

I walked around the bed to look into her sleeping face. Her black hair shadowed her forehead. Her closed lips seemed serene, but her mouth was faintly disconcerted as if it had not quite forgotten to sleep the expression she was to adopt when awake. If a head's been for the disconcerted line of her mouth I might have tried to wake her up and explain all I had been disappointed I went into the bathroom and took a shower. I stood under the streaming water, drier than I had been in sometime, and began to think of the little black girl I had seen dancing. I imagined her body to be as smooth as a velvet cushion. I filled my hand with Rocky Mountain Sun Drink and began to squeeze off softly, imagining her slender cast tightening around me, sucking and sucking, until everything rushed out of me and sagged against the tile wall. Then I went back down into the kitchen to cut off slices of Armenian salami and jerburg, and open a bottle of beer. I had come good and I felt relaxed, but I always found in masturbation some element of defeat. I leaned against the drainboard and began to fantasize about the party Cookie had promised. My fantasies were so extravagant and remote.

ON MY LUNCH HOUR I WENT OUT TO RENT A COSTUME,

called Kathy that afternoon to say I'd be very late, an dinner at my drink, and met Cookie in the parking lot a little before 4:30 that evening. Cookie was dressed as a Florentine Don, Late Renaissance. He looked like a famous man—when. He sported a striped capelet and about three more rings. I was impressed.

"You really wanted to this," I said.

"Nah," he shook his head. "One of my cousin handles the wardrobe for the City Opera." He seemed to study my costume. Then he smiled broadly and said, "You always were full of surprises, but I bet your skirt could grab the ass and run for the god too."

I smiled back. "My skirt that himself an angels ago. His last message to me was that the water's rising and the

woods are burning and that the light is no longer worth the candle. Besides..." I smoothed my costume. "This is the most comfortable thing I could find."

I had looked at a lot of Adventure Boy suits—Cowboys, Pirates and Cavaliers—and had decided on the robes of a Franciscan friar. I was thinking ahead of I ran into anyone snoring tonight it would be easier to pull up my robe than to get out of a tight pair of pants.

We took Cookie's car. He had a new custom, Peasbloss, super smooth and beautifully screwed together, which whispered through the streets humming the love theme from *Schindler's List*.

"Where we going?" I asked.

"Out to Roland Park. You know the Seabrook Museum?"

"Is that where we're going?"

He glanced at the rear of surprise in my voice. "If it hasn't burnt down."

The Seabrook Museum was a huge and graceful old wooden palace, with enough white shutters to fly away on if they all started flapping at once. It sat alone in the center of a very block, surrounded by large old trees, and guarded by a tall spiked fence—to mark in the past and keep out the present—but don't, no impression of time, however tall, had recently slipped through to collect the older Seabrooks. And Tommy Seabrook, whom everyone had always dismissed as a snob, had used his spend-thrift money to make a great killing as a natural gas speculator. I had heard he had thrown open the museum as to the liveliest people around.

The circular driveway was choked with parked cars, as were the streets for several blocks around on every side of the museum. As we drove around looking for a place, I could already hear the music. We parked four blocks away and walked back. The night was warm and the air was scented by the flowering trees which grew all around us. The moon was close to full and as yellow as cream. The music grew louder.

And louder. The door was managed by two large men with quiet ways and hard gray eyes. Cookie showed them an invitation and they stood aside to let us through. We entered a large room, hung with modern paintings, and crossed an unusual hardwood floor onto a grand ballroom where a traditional was in full effect. A hundred people were shaking it while another fifty watched them.

The room was beautiful. It was lit with strands of tall white candles and lined with potted plants, large as young trees, and among the plants were fountains with running water and potted cages filled with parrots, macaws and cockatoos. The whole ceiling was a vast pre-Raphaelite mural of a pagan paradise, where dozens of pink-tipped girls, cradled smooth as Barbie Dolls, were looking around with a chain of flowers.









"I watched Salome. I couldn't believe she was actually naked under the veils. I gawked like a hick, certain I saw flashes of pussy fur."

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But, however much pained flesh there was on the ceiling, there was more red flesh exposed on the floor. Any girl with anything to show was taking this opportunity to flash some of it. There was a horde of dancing girls. I quickly saw two of three who were virtually topless, and one, a Salome in transparent veils, appeared to be better suited to work. The costumes turned the crowd into a gallery of archetypes, a cast of masked and beautiful strangers, spinning around to the constant candlelight. Almost everyone had attempted to strike some romantic posture and there were only a few clowns, bums and comic drunkies.

I watched the Salome. She was dancing with a tall and in black gaiters and a white ruffled shirt who moved like he had a bonemarch up his ass. I couldn't believe she was actually naked under the veils and I gawked like a hick, certain I was seeing flashes of pussy fur. Then I caught on. Salome was a redhead and she was wearing a small stark heart, exactly the same color as her hair, just over her quon. The boner flitted among the veils like the swinging bellows in a midway shooting gallery, and was probably just at hand to fire.

I turned to find Cooke smiling at me. "Did I hit?" he said. "Come on, let's find Tommy. I'll introduce you."

We rode our way through the crowd over to a long line of tables, spread for a feast, where three men in red vests were pouring champagne. I took a glass and sipped a while. It glowed in the food. I saw carved pears, chilled lobsters, sliced mushrooms and loaves of pork, glimmering in creamy fat. In addition to the champagne, which was delicious, there was a vast array of perfume liquors and silver dishes piled with rolled joints. Tommy Bealock stood near the head of the serving line. It was impossible to miss the short, fat head and the round head several were too large for the rest of him, but, in addition, Tommy had made little effort to hide his obesity. Maybe he wanted everyone to know where champagne the men in the red vests were pouring. He was talking to several girls and his large round eyes looked moist. When he recognized Cooke he shook a bearded staff he was holding. "You look like one of your own ancestors!" He was dressed in a sister's smocky and he wore a cap of four weeks. Something flashed in his eyes, something briefly unpleasant. "Very nice, baby," he said, "and I mean that. By the way," he continued as his nose changed with his subject, "did we happen to get lucky?"

Cooke nodded. "I think so."

Tommy shook his head again. Cooke took the moment to introduce me. Tommy looked me over and said, "I hope you're not just up on some kind of the Holy Insignia on."

I spread my hands. "A simple medicalist here."

And Cooke pulled it up. "What's funny at a three-pottered belly gas?"

"And hungry too," I added.

Cooke was talking to one of the two girls, a girl dressed like Cleopatra, and now Tommy began to talk to the other. I decided to let the doctors. I filled a glass, planning seconds even as I took firsts, and sat on an antique wooden park bench among the plants so I could watch the doctors while I ate. I looked for the redhead with the heart over her sweet spot, but she wasn't on the floor. The members of the rock band looked glared. I knew they had to play for denying. They liked everyone to keep quiet while they sang about what band luck they'd had. A nurse screamed just above me. Someone sat down on the other end of the bench. It was the girl dressed as Cleopatra. She leaned over to take an olive from my plate as she said, "Forgive me, father, for I'm about to sin." She popped the olive in her mouth and chewed vigorously.

"I'm not licensed to grant absolution," I said. "I failed the exam, but I can pray for the dead and I give a pretty good Barman head rub."

She wore a black domino mask and her eyes glowered behind the forehead slit. "You mean be as big a smart ass as I am."

"I'm pretty bad sometimes," I said as I looked her over. I knew Cooke must have steered her to me. She was nice, maybe just a shade heavy for the costume she was wearing, but her skin seemed soft and smooth in the candlelight. Then I noticed she was carrying a low tank. The mask I asked the guy.

"Don't be hard on me!" I asked.

"No, do you have something to read?"

"Arthur Day?"

Her mouth looked wry. "I like to get along, but I'm not going to laugh at them."

After I laughed enough, we danced. The band was lying it out and she was a good dancer. There was a lot of pinning on the way she moved but she and she gave me some heavy looks, but I kept wondering how the nurse was still up. So I, I looked up with her and together we wandered around checking the women. Most parties take a while to warm up, but this one warmed warm and quickly turned into a real whether. We weren't ourselves tonight and that was already a nice change.

Coke not only takes people she knew—a man dressed as Count Dracula and a Moon Woman in a silver blouse. She had found actresses derived from page dancers to her flashlight, and he had carried some wooden things. He was already tired of holding the things in his mouth, but he put them back in to show me how they looked. I quickly made the go of the dress with my forefingers, and he pretended to come. We shared a joint with these people.

I was curious with the first couple of roles, but it didn't take like better jobs. I've been smoking weed since high-

"Tommy was coming . . . hands clamped on the Geisha's head, he was

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school and my head's raised in it. But once at once I've been handed joints that after only one or two hits I've found myself on my hands and knees trying to lick other people's legs. Trouble I wanted to keep in touch with my master was I needed large opportunities all around.

The dogs had a nice glow. Clio took my arm and whispered, "I find myself wanting to lick up your ribs."

"There's nothing up there, but a pair of blue jockey shorts." It was then I noticed that the master was gone. "Hey," I said, "where'd the master?" She pointed to the fountain just behind us. The snake was swimming, head high, around and around a three-foot pool. "Does he like that?" I asked.

"He hasn't said."

The birds on a cage just above the fountain were working the table and seemed alarmed. The band started another set and we all went to dance, leaving the master in his box. This time I saw Salome again. She was dancing with someone else, a man dressed as a Plains Indian, wearing almost less than she. I led Clio over their way because I sensed a dinner date. Salome was ripe, living the best year of her life. Her looks were legendary. The little heart flickered in the male like a beacon.

I was wrong. The Indian caught me at it and gave me a hard look. Move away, his expression said, and I turned back to Clio who was beginning to look like the best in the band. When the music stopped, she asked me, "Do you know her?"

"Who?" I asked, pretending to be puzzled.

Clio's mouth again curved very "The girl with the heart-shaped face."

I started to confirm. "No, who is that?"

"Well, her name's obviously not important," Clio said dryly. "So let's just say she's the new girl, the girl everyone's trying to fuck that year."

She was warning me it would be crowded around Salome, and that I had better settle for what I appeared to have, before I lost it. I liked her frankness. I took her hand to lead her off the dance floor. We were in among the jointed plants and began to rock. Her hipkick stood like snowberry. Her vagina was moist. I liked the feel of her bare skin. After a couple of deep kisses I slipped my hand down the back of her skirt and pulled her to me. I was already soft.

"Ahhh," she said softly and leaned back to look into my eyes as she rubbed up against me. "Do you want to go place this place?"

"Sure," I said. "There must be fifty rooms."

"Eighty-five and over forty of them are bedrooms."

We walked up the staircase, hand in hand, and I glanced at the party below. There seemed to be fewer people, and already the dancers were moving around picking up the pieces and wherever. I wondered if the real party heads'd moved upstairs. My hunch was immediately confirmed. The first door we opened someone shouted out of the

darkness—"Dangdut!"

"Peace," I said, intending the post, and I heard a girl laugh inside. I closed the door and said to Clio, "Maybe we should get in line?"

Clio smiled and leaned against me. "I like everything to be nice and fresh."

We groped a bit then in the hallway and the man her head up my ribs to squeeze the head of my penis. She laughed and said, "Don't mind I was almost sure have been passing their hands up my dress, and I always wondered what it would be like if the tables were reversed."

"How do you like it?"

"It's nice. How do you like it?"

"I like it a lot."

"That's good."

WE WANDERED ON DOWN THE HALLWAY, OPENING OTHER doors and found a small study and another bedroom that obviously wasn't a party room. The hallway ended in a pair of sliding double doors. We looked through and found a large library. The walls were lined with books from floor to ceiling. A number of people were gathered around a low table. I recognized Cookie, just as he recognized me. He smiled, welcoming us in. "Come and get some of this."

Cookie had taken off most of his costume. He wore only tight and a loose white shirt. The muscles stretched across from his muscular shoulders and the hair on his chest had the vigor of fur. Over a dozen people were watching him. Some sat on a deep leather couch (I recognize Tommy Saterfield). Others were cross-legged on the floor. They all looked pleasantly relaxed and happy as they watched Cookie. He was dividing a small pile of powder on the black marble tabletop, mixing it into lines with a large sharp knife, drawing it with an almost surgical precision while the knife blade gleamed in the soft light, like a scalpel. Cookie was in his finest robe—the Magnus pattern on the magic—and there were all those super checks on the audience. I counted only four men, with no girls. Three other unclassified (unclassified classification).

As for I thought Cookie was cutting cake, but then I noticed it was the wrong cake. The wall was light green and of a finer course. Cake is crystalline and irregular, this was smooth and powdery. As I wondered what it was, I glanced again at Tommy Saterfield. He was smiling thickly, and his face seemed washed clean of every sin. He looked almost handsome. I noticed that his hand was cupped over the crotch of the girl sitting next to him. His fingers were moving in a slow soft rhythm. The girl was dressed in a Geisha, and she wore a sylvan mask which covered the entire upper half of her face, but her mouth was open as the slave, shuddering beneath of sexual pleasure. Suddenly Cookie was offering me a swirl. "Dip your bill," he said. "One how should hold you."

... driving up into her mouth like he was putting the blocks to her cunt."

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"What is this stuff?" I asked.

Coskie loved having me ask him. Dude snatched it the easiest kind of social pleasure. He smiled strongly and waved his hands over the lines of powder in an unconvincing gesture. "This is as new we haven't smoked it, but it's the new big drug craze, even bigger than acid, because it's the happiest drug yet. A mix of up and not in, push of down, and it's a human good!"

"Will it shrink hemorrhoids?" I asked.

One of the teenagers snickered as Coskie said, "Certainly and also under every orifice, squaver and again."

"Shut" one of the men said. It was the same old I had first seen dancing with Salome in Hamlet's room and a snuffed snort. "Do we have to listen to you two mistakes make jokes in order to get some of that?"

Coskie stared at him calmly. "Not happy, Dave?"

Once forward, but said nothing more. He continued to stare at the dope like wolves stare at the young rabbits. I leaned over the table to use the straw. I placed one end in my mouth and sucked up a line. The hit was quick. My nasal cavity turned warm, then my whole head was warm and a wave of pleasure passed through me. The second wave was even stronger.

I turned to hand the straw to Cleo, but she drew back. "I prefer my own stuff," she said. She suddenly looked frightened and sour. I handed the straw back to Coskie, who deftly did a line and passed the straw to Tommy.

"Isn't this something?" Coskie asked me. I nodded, not wanting to talk at the moment. It felt like I was floating in a warm perfumed pool. I watched the action too. Tommy took one line. The Grisha girl in the mask took one. Oscar finally got his blow, and passed the straw to a blonde girl in a bikini bottom, whose fresh young ass was covered only by the chains of flowers she wore around her neck. When she leaned over to take her bit the flowers fell forward and her tits were exposed. I felt a deep surge of sexual excitement.

I sat down on the floor and Cleo took my hand. "Are you okay?" I asked her.

"Sure," she said, but she still looked anxious.

Coskie took some red caps out of his coat pocket and began to empty all kinds of the powder onto the table top. Everyone watched as he cut it up. A deep thrill passed through me, then another. My mind was racing. Coskie was no longer a magician, but a super salesman building a market for a new super-alcohol product. If he had a few pounds of that stuff he was already a wealthy man. Except this was so nice anyone who took it immediately might end up giving it away, like some people used to give away sex.

We all did some more, except Cleo, and no one had much to say. I didn't feel like talking. I watched the Grisha open Tommy's fly and rub out his cock. She snatched him up and began to take the head on her mouth. I watched this for what seemed like a long time, and when I

slowly drifted away I found two girls kissing each other. Then I felt Cleo's hand on me.

I turned to her and she pulled my head down to whisper in my ear, "Just because I don't like drugs, doesn't mean I don't like sex."

Everyone was beginning to get into it, rolling around like puppies. Although a couple of the girls looked better to me, I decided I owed it to Cleo to stay with her. She had taken off her mask and she was a pleasure looking girl. We began to kiss and that started to get pretty good. I felt her hand up my robe again. I just laid back and let her go for it. Let her serve me. I had always hated my lack of sex to give women pleasure. Maybe it was my turn. She was eager enough.

Tommy was looking the Grisha. I watched her hands working on his back. Coskie was on a pile with two girls and some other people were sprawled on the rug. I closed my eyes for a while and got over Cleo's head. Someone started sniffling. Cleo stopped working, just when I was starting to see a lot of red and white light, just when the feeling was peaking through my ass into my spine and about to rush up towards my head. "Hey?" I said and opened my eyes. I started to say, "There'll be something left for you," but Cleo was staring with that anxious, frightened look on her face again. Then I became aware of Salome standing just above me. My eye was caught by the pale fur pushing around the edges of the little heart that covered her crotch. For about that point of interest I saw the human curves of her tits, nipples as soft as my thumbs, and I thought again. What a great piece! Her belly was rippling with excitement. It was only after I had concluded this inventory that I heard angry voices.

I sat up slowly, hesitantly, and saw Salome's Indian squatted off against Hamlet. They were both spying each other—two cats pawing the cat I just about to start loads.

Hamlet was saying in a thin murderous voice, "You always was a real way under, fucker, you cocksucker, I can remember when you still had penises on your ass and you were fucking off in your sister's underwear. Even then you were always a sluthead..."

The Indian was a little calmer, his head wasn't full of Coskie's dirt. "And you always cried when you lost."

"Come on, fellows," one of the girls with Coskie said loudly, "you're fucking up the fucking." And Coskie stood up slowly, his motion arching out of his spine like a shot of heroic anatomy, and looked over the situation. "Look," he said softly, "this is merely just boys and girls, why do they're just sex?"

I looked back at Salome to see how she'd take this, and said, "That's a new idea."

She glanced down at me. I saw she was taking in my own release, pointing right up at her. Her eyes grew wider and I saw her vagina flick between her lips. But the Indian sneered, "No thanks, friend, I suggest you're in big trouble."

"I took off my robe, spread it like a blanket, and we fell on each other. . .

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Hamlet turned on again. "No one cares if you stay, unless it's her we're interested in. Why don't you go home and jerk off your goldfish?" As he was saying this, he was moving on Salome. Instantly the Indian pivoted away, rising on one toe, hitting him flush in the mouth. Hamlet took three steps back, his head flew to his mouth, his eyes glared for a moment. He pulled his hand away from his crushed lips and stared at his bloody fingers.

While this was going on, the Indian was trying to get Salome out the door, but I grabbed her feet and tried to pull her down with me. I was feeling wild myself. At that instant, Hamlet recovered and ran across and jumped on the Indian's back, yelling like a berserker. He began to throttle the Indian, who let go of Salome. Since I was still pulling her feet, she tumbled down on me, all warm and soft inside, smelling like a 100 pounds of wet pearls. She covered around and got eyes me. I smiled and said with staggered innocence, "Hi, do you come here often?"

Her eyes grew colder. "Fuck off," she said.

But I had her all over me, and almost unconsciously I put one hand where I had been wanting to put it all evening, right over the heat sewn to her transparent pants. She was wet. Meanwhile, a fight was raging above us. I saw Cooke moving in to break it up, but Tommy Sea broke called to him, "Let it go, Cooke, they can't hurt each other." Cooke didn't like this, but he held off.

The two fighters were swinging like college boys, standing with their heads tightly caving in to each other in the face. Tommy lay back like Nero to take in the show. He had the Goshu giving him head. Everyone the Goshu would turn around to see where the fighters were, Tommy pushed her head back down. I was rubbing Salome's quim and she was letting me do it. She was also watching the fight. After a moment, her breathing began to grow more intense. Somewhere in all this I got a single look at Chen. She was pressed back against the wall, hugging herself and her expression reminded me of a frightened mouse.

Hamlet was bleeding from the nose and his lips were already swollen. The front of his ruffled shirt was stained with blood. He was a poor match for the Indian who had twenty pounds on him, but he was armed with fangs, and throwing punches like an electric fan. The Indian picked off most of this, moving around gracefully, almost too gracefully, and Hamlet managed to catch a couple of well thrown punches like pearls. This angered the Indian so he dropped his pace of light work and began to maul away himself. The sound of these breathing grew louder.

Then Hamlet began to gulp and shudder, his breath shuddered high in a whistle. Tommy Seabrook was coming. With both hands clamped on the Goshu's head, he was driving up into her mouth just like he was putting the blocks in her car. She was gagging, trying to fight her way free. Tommy was beginning to wheeze and threats of dried out from each corner of his mouth. My hand reached on Salome. All this was making me feel like an

animal. I was an animal. I turned her head to me and nuzzled her mouth. Her tail, when lips spread beneath mine like a flower. Our tongues flowed around each other like water-tendrils in play. Holy shit, I thought. If I fuck her right here and now everyone's going to turn on me and beat me to death. As if to answer my thoughts, I heard a shrill scream, uttering in the midst of a huge roar, and I sat up swiftly to see Tommy Seabrook leaping over, holding his crotch. The Goshu tumbled to the floor. Tommy took a number of small steps, like a drunken duck, and collapsed on some pillows.

The fighters were still going, though they were tiring. The Indian landed a blow that sounded like a wet bag of sand smashed against a concrete piling. Hamlet took it right on the jaw and made a whooshing sound. He bent over slowly, also falling backwards, all with the same underwear grace of slow motion. He rolled against the large coffee table and almost immediately was getting up again. He was one mad fucker.

I saw Cooke's hands tell them on the table top at the same moment he did, and I tried to look it away, but Hamlet was clear and faster. He came up with the knife, opening it in his case. His eyes were glowing. He made a soundless pass at the Indian, who was suddenly all motion. Cooke moved now, and tried to take Hamlet from behind, but Hamlet sensed him, stepped to the side and seemed an elbow into Cooke's solar plexus. Cooke's face contorted. He began to make a small sound high in his throat, about the same sound you hear when you pull a company nail.

Hamlet continued to walk the Indian, moving the knife elegantly. The Indian was backing, holding out his hands. His eyes were crossed, his mouth pinched. His crowing breaths were stryng, so stryng. Hamlet dashed out and laid open his forearm.

Salome screamed, "Stop that! Please, stop it!"

Neither man paid her the slightest attention. She must have thought they were still fighting over her, because she suddenly pulled out of my arms, jumped up and ran out the door. Without thinking, I followed her. She ran swiftly down the hallway. I saw her turn a corner ahead of me. When I reached the corner, she was halfway down another hall, running lightly. She opened a door at the end and I heard her going down stairs. She was fast. I put on more speed, clattered down some wooden stairs, and found myself in the kitchen. Three Chinese and a Puerto Rican, all in white uniforms, stared at me.

Salome was going out the back door. I dashed after her. Once outside, on the grounds, I knew I could catch her. She was running blindly, trying to get away from all she had seen. When she reached the tall iron fence, she started the palms and started to climb it. I came up and pulled her down.

"Let me go," she said.

"When you calm down, You'll get hit by a car."

...without any further erotic ceremony. We went at it like animals. . . ."

Something Strange

SHE HAD SPENT HERSELF, AND NOW RESTED ON MY CHEST,

breathing hard. It was still warm out here. The air was heavy with the fragrance of the flowering moon, and the moon I had supposed earlier was close to setting. The noises from the house drifted out to us. Now and then a car came down the street outside the fence.

"That was ugly," she said finally. "I should go back."

"You think it will have become prettier?"

"I should try to help. I know both of those guys, they're just big kids."

I nuzzled her ear. "Big kids cause most of the world's trouble."

"Don't do that," she said, but she made no effort to move away.

I kissed her, but she didn't put much into it. When I released her mouth, she went on, "I really feel I should go back and try to help."

"Look at the moon," I said.

"Please don't give me any shit about the moon," she said softly.

"Imagine you were looking down from the moon up there. Think how much trouble you'd see, and how much of it is do you think you could do anything about? If you want to help someone, help me."

"And what's the matter with you?"

"I'm lonely. I need this with you, just like this, not even knowing your name."

She was a lean, a creature, still rising against me. Then she said, "You want to fuck me, right?"

"Right."

"Okay, I got an an account of ten opportunities a day. I could fuck the mailman, the clerk in the grocery store, half of my father's friends and most of the men I pass on the street—no silly pose?"

"Because I'm here, and it's a sure sign is."

She laughed at this, and I stopped talking and started working for it. She was beginning to respond again, moving against me in an intricate dancing rhythm, legs making small circles one way, breasts another, when a police car came screaming down the street, the red-and-blue party bar flashing. Her eyes looked enormous in the strange light. Automatically, I pulled her to the ground. The grass was colder than the air.

We watched together as the police car crossed the gate and braked sharply in front of the house. In a moment another power car came in from the other side. We saw cops running up the steps.

"Let's do a run," she whispered.

I took off my robe, spread it like a blanket, and we fell on each other without any further erotic ceremony. We went at it like animals, compelling by sheer reason, and the strange drama taking place a hundred yards away was no

more to us than the flickering of last-night television on a motel room. An ambulance joined the squad car, and five minutes later, raised all again, were pumping hard enough to stop the heart. We heard it, the sump was there. It was not me. We were left.

For me the inquisitive woman, the act of it, if you will, was crossed by my effort to control my own trembling greed. I wanted to devour her like a wolf gobbling a fresh kill, instead I caused myself to create one too with calm strength. A poet, was a wolf? A man, was an animal?

"What was it like? It was like . . . But can't believe the precise point at which the religious imagination fails? Consider the careers of those church fathers who thought we would really get off writing around playing things, while we spent clearly telling God how great he is, something he apparently never gets tired of hearing. But if one is the mere religion, and most people spend Sunday morning feeling that they do going to church, it's still just as difficult to describe our heaven.

I remember things. The first touch of her pussy, slow and arming, crumpling with sweet pain. The lovely warm globes of her tits. The feel of her feet, wrapped around and arming against my calves. The melody of her breath sounding next to my ear. The sweet still of her hair. Oh, she was radiant, bright as a star fallen beneath me to the grass. And when we came together and she cried out to God, looking beneath me with surprising strength, singing God, Oh, God, Oh, God, I was sure it was me she was talking to.

When we finished, the police cars were gone and we walked back to the house to get our things. The party was deliberately over. A few drinks and women were pouring around, and one obvious form was filling his pockets from the serving line. Our eyes met and he held up a half gallon of Jack Daniels and smiled with amusement. I walked and we went on. Someone had loosed the birds. They flew around chattering with terror. We passed one of the fountains and flaring on the water was a dead snake.

We caught a cab, and she gave her number. We hugged each other in the backseat and said nothing. When we reached her stop, she kissed me, and left without a word. That should have been the end of it. Perfect, like that, maybe the one perfect thing in my life, but reality is stranger than we make most of the time, and when I reached my own home, just at dawn, I found the night wasn't quite over. I let myself in quietly and checked the doors softly. I looked in our bedroom and saw Kathy in the cold morning light, curled up on a tight bundle beneath the covers, in the same sleeping pose she always slept in. I sighed as he back here at all, and went into the bathroom. In a pile of towels I found a Goetta costume.

I started to laugh. What did it mean? Anything at all? I didn't know, but I'm a practical man, and whenever happen between Kathy and myself, I'm never ever going to force her to give me head. □

Outrage!

OUTRAGE! is a column which belongs to FURTMAN's readers. Send off about the things that irritate, annoy, or anger you. Write us at a short recap of 100 to 500 words and, at special points, we will print it. Mail to: FURTMAN OUTRAGE!, 324 Hamilton Mall, Allentown, Pa. 18101

"Twat's the matter?"

When this fuck is going on in this world, I'd like to know: I like to think about the young men, some-a-days having to choose from the ranks of fifty three bits on the young womanhood of our country now. And I don't just mean the guys that pose in your magazines; I mean of fifty-two not here in this country, may rule the subway every morning with these damn cramps. All right they flag and look with every guy in the subway and then take the subway with dozens people and rub their noses against the grates of impossible crowded mass like myself!

Just this morning I took the subway at Fourteenth St. at eight o'clock and found myself pressed against the hard little but backs of a girl who could not have been older than my daughter when in twenties. I, a normal healthy man, reacted sexually although I was disgusted with the weakness of my flesh responding to such filth. I hoped, I prayed that the young girl would move away but instead so my eyes of pure reason grew the pressed against it in such a manner that I cannot think the knew not what she did. I turned from her in dismay and came here to face with one of these cheap Latin types dressed in rubber for who put his hand on me there. It was more than I could stand and I'm afraid I would myself right there in the train. Imagine my humiliation and the smile on her dirty white face. Oh, she knew what she did. Everyone on the train saw and smiled at my shame. But it is I who will laugh last. You will see.

When I returned home that evening my wife respected my thoughts and used the means of my humiliations. "Thank God your daughter is staying the night with her girl friend and can't see this," she said. My pen here on boards. The whoring in this country must be wiped in the face of the Holy Ghost. This Sex Freedom you advocate is the ruinous of our children. I only brought your publication because the inside got on the cover looked like my daughter only prettier. How can a man, poorly paid like the dot put the grossness upon of other men in her mouth? It is filthy and dirt. Had this girl been my daughter I would have killed her and you would be responsible for murder. Another filthy crime on your Godless magazine. I thank you, the subway and the whoring

Shoreline,
Van R.M.
New York City

"Hard to swallow"

I am writing to you because there is something I got to get off my chest and I think you can relate to my problem.

I am a master cooker for the gay company and consequently I got to taste many a home "while the cat's away." Without wanting to seem concerned, I must say I am a good looking guy, so I am exempted with opportunities to look at more things than just meats and I don't mind making in more chance I get. Not lately I have noticed something very disturbing about many members of the gayworld for me. There's a new breed of women that has emerged from the Woman's Lib movement. They want you to go down on them and suck them off all day. I see chicks now in. All the while they smear pussy juice all over your lower rib, it's as wettable as a piece and some other breast one. Now to be, so good, because as the old saying goes, once you get past the small you get it baked. But the next part is what pains me off. When you're on her your penis are coming like a couple of 5 minute eggs, these "blasted" breasts will whip some shit on your test like somebody's blouse only to have you hanging in and around. You know what I mean. They suck and suck and then when you are getting ready to blow your cock out they will say and say, "I don't swallow the stuff." Well, do I get pissed off?

They can get their police by making my head in their low pussy and so hanging me and then they have got the girl to run me all in and someone because they, "don't swallow the stuff." That means my was doing like somebody has been poisoning on them with a bull-pen hammer!

These feminist chicks... I don't know where they get the idea they deserve such profane concerns. I'll do my best to get a woman off because I get me going too. But, I'll be pissed off if I'm going to be dumped by someone because some damn dick like the rest of men all the while she's painting my ass with her cock.

Leslie Jackson, Princeton, PA.

More Mail

"Dick-lickin' good"

Dear Furtman: I'm a vegetarian who is always looking for high-protein recipes. I recently read that insulin is packed with protein, and I find that since it is truly a natural product it is not harmful for a sugar to consume it. I have been experimenting with it, using it instead of table or brown sugar in some of my recipes. I got to thinking that readers of FURTMAN, vegetarians or otherwise, might want to try my idea, whether using their own creativity or the recipe below. I do hope that some of your readers are at a loss as to where to get the stuff. If you're a man, well, you've got your very own "sugar processor". If you're a woman like me,

let's hope your lover will enjoy supplying her half of the ingredients in much as mine does! Ralph is only too happy to do so, his food for me to whip up some new, more! I love macadamia. Here is a simple recipe that anyone can make.

INGREDIENTS
1 lb chopped fresh macadamia
2 cups milk, dried
1 cup sugar, brown, dried
1 cup medium-onion, chopped
Handful of rainbow seeds
1 cup brown rice
2 cups water
Tamar sauce
1 inch butter
4 oz. cream, fresh if possible (if not, keep refrigerated and I want)
INSTRUCTIONS

Roll maca in oil, macerate or put and add brown rice. Cover and cook 45 min. Start maca in pot of butter and brown. Add macadamia and maca to the bowl. Add onion and water and maca. Maca will be cream like slightly and glass macadamia will become probably, until macadamia is evenly coated. Add Tamar to taste. Cover and lower heat and rice is ready. Combine rice and macadamia, and add macadamia seeds, maca thoroughly. Serves 4.

Hope you enjoy it! I would really like to hear from other readers with interesting secret recipes, too.

Hearts to your health—Ellen Ganes
San Francisco, CA

"What a gas!"

Dear Furtman: I had to take this opportunity to write and tell you about an event that happened to me several years ago. This has grossly changed my attitude and I wonder if any of your readers have had an experience comparable. I was someone when I had my first not-homosexual relationship with a woman. She had the most beautiful body I'd ever seen and I couldn't believe she was meant to do with as I pleased. Looking her name was pure joy. I could spend her open and remain every week and every of her her pure and he repeat with loving words of encouragement as the looked and tapped on my cock and balls.

Now this sounds pretty normal, but it wasn't long before I wanted other shells. She was a little brassy when I opened the crack of her so open and realized her name from hell, playing my tongue in the as I could into her openness. She was working with excitement, no longer able to control the intense and excitement when suddenly with a thunderous clap, she let go.

Well, for her that little incident raised the moment. Had we been less close she'd have put her clothes on and left. But for me, I couldn't bring myself to draw away from that delightful scene. I kept licking and sucking until she was so completely aroused out and pushed me away.

I couldn't stop thinking about that first. I ended up five times that night just remembering. Allie Besser, B'klyn, NY



Swingers Roundup

Swinging Hot Spots, East & West
Puchtan Swinging Couple & Friends (In Action)
Wrights of Swing Latest Adventure

Exclusive: Swingers Ads & Erotic Catalog

Swings with Raffaelli—Film Extravaganza

(The photo on this page is from Raffaelli's "Hot House Party." See page 138 for another hot scene from this movie and scenes from other Raffaelli fantasies.)

Swingers Roundup

Secret Swinging

In the quietly fashionable world of East Coast Swinging, secrecy is the passport. clandestine dates are sprung up like mushrooms in the town squares, and the events a mosaic of romance and adventure as well as security. Swinging is a concept whose time has definitely arrived, but social pressures as well as basic insecurity will leave many swingers hesitant and their need for discretion makes the secret swinging society a safe bet.

Jo Jo Hughes and her husband Don have started what may prove to be the first club of New York's distant swinging elite. Don and Jo Jo manage New York's first totally private, pre-screened, luxury, on-premise swing club Atlas four very successful years of running the Underground, an off-premise club and one of the town's, the Hughes' know what their friends want. Access to Don & Jo Jo's is not easy. You must know them personally or know people who know them, and with eight thousand couples on their mailing list they can afford to be very choosy. The club is open Sunday nights only. Admission includes dinner and cocktails.

All in the Family

For those who prefer easier access to swing clubs in New York, there is of course the famous Plaza's Rarities located in the Avenue Hotel on West 14th St. Plaza's is strictly couples only (though single women are invited) and a diamond is 140 a couple. This includes buffet, soft drinks, dance floor, pool and music but replicates with easy access and chances, game rooms, a large swing room, and private rooms in the back for the easily intimidated. Plaza's has been around the same time now offering the best facilities in town for those who want to stir up a relationship. It looks, however, as though the old Greek is in for a little competition. Playmate P.M. at 140 Fulton St. (the early Midnight Inn) recently opened its doors for February to an expensive New York. The decor is lurid and tastefully designed. Playmate promises everything Plaza's has, and more. Two rooms, two main rooms, a heated swimming pool, a penthouse floor, many private rooms, a large community swing area, a gymnasium equipped with universal and Olympic

weight systems, and an open bar and buffet. Midnight Inn's debut attempt to interpret singles into swinging, an attempt that was unsuccessful due to a surfeit of single men. Though Playmate is a couples oriented club it does intend to give singles an opportunity to swing on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays. As of this writing they're planning Wednesdays at Gay Night Bar on Friday and Saturdays, and Saturdays should connect. Singles at 217 200-1300. The fee is \$25 plus \$1 membership per couple. Single men pay \$15 plus \$5 membership, and single women pay \$10 plus \$5 membership.

Purient Pilgrims

If you're a New England Swinger you already know Wayne Playmate and her LOCAL SWINGERS magazine, but for swingers planning a trip to New England during the warm months let me introduce you to the brightest lights on the East Coast swing scene. Opening out of New Bedford, Connecticut, LOCAL SWINGERS is a magazine, advice, and club which seems to constantly discover locations all around New England. Invitations are for LOCAL SWINGERS members only. You can contact Wayne by writing to him at 340 Main St., E. Hartford, Conn 06114, or phone him at (203) 566-7823.

Along with his LOCAL SWINGERS magazine, Wayne is also the organizer of CANTS, Chicago America's Attitude Toward Sex. CANTS is a state-wide organization incorporated in the state of Connecticut, its purposes are specific: "Abolition of all censorship, abolition of all existing sodomy laws, protection of legal aid for individuals found in violation of sex laws, promotion of freedom of choice in all sexual matters, and the formation of a powerful base of opinion so effectively influence the sexual attitudes of America."

Those who want to help or need the help of CANTS should write CANTS, Box 25, E. Greenacres, Conn 06073.

Y'All Come: Southern Hospitality

Etiquette really ought to be the capital of the Swinging South, with its slow lory charm and those pretty southern belles swaying down the walk as frilly as you please. But in fact there are only two spots in the Southern United

States where swinging is done with order (and only the highest places are the night shoulder buffets again). Texas and, naturally, Washington D.C. and Florida.

You'd have passed Washington because after all, the way who can our nation live, work and love right in the shadow of the capital building and though they may not always agree that the rest of us are entitled to the forbidden pleasures of life, they certainly won't deny themselves anything. But D.C. swinging is very secretive and exclusive. The only club I was able to discover was The Swinging Circle in Laurel, Maryland, with no definite address or phone, and Capitol Complex, also ordered.

Like a night more relaxed in Florida, Fla. has (and there's Playmate 1 in Miami, the best friend of Dell and Betty) Playmate 1 has the largest active membership of any club in the South. They have special events like toga parties, and on Tuesdays evening during which the women tell them how to play money. There is no so pretty swinging anywhere in Florida at the moment but this situation may be revised very soon.

Dell and Betty are swingers who grew tired of the clandestine atmosphere of swinging in Florida. They threw a social party with two night couples and when two hundred couples arrived they knew they were on to something. Playmate 1 is the only club in Florida with a permanent location at the moment (9080 Miramar Plaza, Miramar, Fla. 33023, phone 305-431-8978). Two others, Florida Swingers in Central Florida and The Swinging Discs in Northern Florida, resemble their counterparts in Washington in that they have no phone number and no address. They can be contacted through Playmate 1, but at least for the moment, Wide Open Swinging Dance, is a thing of the future.

Fetish Fanciers

A club that's inspired a lot of discussion among swinging New Yorkers lately is Night Moves. Located at 133 West 14th Street in Chelsea, Night Moves offers the usual line of couples and single women on Friday from 9 to 4 in the main and Saturdays, 10 to 5 On Friday they feature an "Early Back Special" admitting couples at half price between 9 and 10. Tuesdays and Thursdays are the days you need to be the birds you aren't they! On Tuesdays the week's past started and on Thursdays the weekend's a whole day away and you've got that fucking wedding on at 1 o'clock. Last I heard is look forward to on Sunday. Well, those are the nights that Night Moves sign into the





A
STAR IS
BORN

PURITAN
SWINGING
COUPLE

KEN & DOTTIE...
FRIENDS
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
RAFFAELLI

When we met swingers Ken & Dottie during our last West Coast excursion we invited them and their friends, actor/model Michael and his ladyfriend Miriam, up to Ron Raffaelli's studio for a photo session. The results speak for themselves on the following pages.

In fact Ron was so impressed with Ken & Dottie he convinced them to do some film work as well. "Fine & Ice," our swinging couple's first film, is available right now on special order (see page 122 for details).

Five spreads later. In just the past few months Dottie has become the new reigning superstar of erotic films.







"We would never be in separate rooms and we would always share our sexual experiences together."







Twilight's *Beauty* tip
Being able to make a
part of the new









*"...being able to see her getting
it on with someone else...it's wild."*

INTERVIEW

PURITAN INTERVIEWS KEN AND DOTTIE, THIS ISSUE'S SWINGING COUPLE

By **Barbara Johnson** and **John F. Johnson**

K: *Describe your "We started swinging" scene where in the first year of our relationship.*

D: *Yes.*

K: *Describe your "We started swinging."*

D: *Yes.*

D: Fantastic!

Right off the bat?

D: Yes!

.../as you're concerned?

K: *Swinging is a fantasy trip. Being able to watch and take part at the same time. Being with Dottie in a threesome or foursome or whatever and just at the height of passion, while I'm getting it on with someone... being able to see her getting it on with someone else... it's wild.*

D: I really love to see him fucking another girl.

I mean, I know how good for me... me feel... finally get off watching her... make someone else feel that good. And I love seeing him come. I get off in return, seeing that.

Barbara Johnson and John F. Johnson interviewed Ken and Dottie in Virginia. In one of his stories about 1980s magazine, I used to go out with a friend of the author... he told me these things for him... and I mean Ken.

Barbara Johnson and John F. Johnson interviewed Ken and Dottie in Virginia. In one of his stories about 1980s magazine, I used to go out with a friend of the author... he told me these things for him... and I mean Ken.

K & D. Oh, absolutely. Yes

Barbara Johnson and John F. Johnson

Barbara Johnson and John F. Johnson

D: *Well, when we started swinging our minds and hearts were pretty much there already. We both fantasized about being able to watch each other in a sexual situation and participate at the same time. But obviously we could be very jealous if some one of us was to go off with someone else. So we decided that anything we would be swinging, we'd do together. We would have to be in separate rooms and we would have to offer our sexual experience.*

K: *In the end that has looked for couples who were into the same kind of swinging as us. We decided with single guys and single girls. But we know that is not the only kind of swinging. It's a personal experience and they don't want to bring their partner into swinging. Well, we don't do anything with them. We don't want to be with people who are into something of their own.*

D: *Sure. We've had great times there. That's it to be a big time club of the future. We usually meet somewhere we disagree. But I'd say 20 percent of the people that are not married or people who are not married have friends with.*

Barbara Johnson and John F. Johnson

Barbara Johnson and John F. Johnson


Barbara Johnson and John F. Johnson

Barbara Johnson and John F. Johnson

Barbara Johnson and John F. Johnson

Barbara Johnson and John F. Johnson

Barbara Johnson and John F. Johnson




OVER THIS SHOULDER, HE COULD SEE HIS WIFE GULPING DOWN HIS CREAMY WHITE COME INTO HER MOUTH! DAWN'S FACE... BURIED BETWEEN ELAINE'S WHIPPING BUTTOCKS... MOVED TO KISS HER LOVINGLY... TAKING SOME OF IT INTO HER OWN MOUTH... AND WHISPERED INTO HER EAR...

I HAVE SOMETHING TO LIKE TO GIVE YOU... IT'S FOR YOU AND RICK...



ELAINE'S EYES AT FIRST REGISTERED SURPRISE... THEN THEY WELLED WITH LOVE, AS SHE GRACIOUSLY ACCEPTED DAWN'S THOUGHTFUL GIFT...



THANKS TO TING'S EXPERTISE, RICK DID NOT COME AS SHE PUNCHED HIM! INSTEAD, JOINING THE OTHERS... RICK WENT TO ELAINE AND TOOK HER LOVINGLY ON THE BED... SHOOTING HIS BURSTING LOAD COMPLICITLY INTO HER, AS THE OTHERS LOOKED ON WITH APPROVAL!

AS THE NIGHT CONTINUED TO UNFOLD... WITH EACH NEW DELIGHT...
 RICK AND ELAINE KNEW THAT THEIR LOVE FOR LUST HAD COME
 FULL CIRCLE! FINALLY, AFTER A STRING OF ROMANTIC TRYSTS, FLIMSY
 ALIBIS AND COURAGEOUS
 SEXUAL EXPERIMENTS, IT WAS
 SAFE AND WARM BACK HOME!



AFTER FOND GOOD-BYES AND TALK OF THEIR
 NEXT DATE, RICK AND ELAINE... SOMEWHAT IN
 A TRANCE... HEED FOR THEIR CAR, AND THE
 LONG, SLEEPY RIDE TO MANHATTAN...

AND NOW, WITH THE LATE MORNING
 SUN STREAMING INTO THEIR BEDROOM...
 LET US LIKEWISE PEER QUIETLY INSIDE...
 AND WATCH AS THEY CELEBRATE THEIR
 FIRST DAY AS ORDAINED SWINGERS...
 AND THANKS TO
 GARY'S INSPIRED
 GIFT, THEY EVEN
 HAVE A NEW
 HOLE TO
 CELEBRATE WITH!



TO BE CONTINUED.

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LT36600 — 1 Glass Vial Pendant—\$29.95 Silver Vial that's perfect for carrying any kind of "precious substance". Complete with 18-inch sterling rope chain, built in silver spoon, precision threaded, all steel, water-tight, miniature good, lined with tempered glass for extra strength.

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It's perfect for your bathtub and it's waterproof, shockproof, simply use your showerhead and cover the NIRVANA shower head. That's all there is to it. In about 10 minutes, it takes only five minutes to install.

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A GREAT 100 USE. A relaxing your NIRVANA is so easy to use in having yourself shower, bring it to your bath with the NIRVANA 3-jet water gun on your shower head, and you'll have a powerful, relaxing, water on a specially designed called "Nirvana" shower, making it and water into a building, it's all covered in steam.

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secured by elastic
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APR 92 \$12.99



16mm film & 35mm film
and 16mm film



16mm film & 35mm film
and 16mm film

**It
will
take you
where you've
never been
before**



16mm film & 35mm film
and 16mm film



16mm film & 35mm film
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Raffaelli swings & sizzles

Raffaelli films are available in 16mm or Super 8mm. There are 25 different films available from our catalog (see page 137) plus a special film featuring the famous Swinger Couple Kati and Dorte. Use the order form enclosed in this section or send your check or money order to: Bulk Forwarding, Box 1218, Bethlehem, PA 18018.

Additional order forms and list of Raffaelli films that have not yet been added to our catalog may be had at the above address upon request. Films are \$25.00 each. Three for \$69.00 (save \$15.00). Six for just \$129.00 (save \$41.00). Ten for only \$179.00 (save \$71.00). Fifteen for just \$259.00 (save \$120.00), and all twenty etc. for only \$399.00 (save \$200.00).

A RAINBOW OF SEXUAL ENJOYMENT

TRAC JOHNSON



Here are some examples of items available only as part of these special sets from "Trac" Johnson: **1. The Magic Vibrator**... A vibrating 10 inches of female feeling wonder. **2. The Queen Vibrator**... made from soft, firm latex material... A sex miracle and wonder item. Includes \$64. **3. The Queen Vibrator**... A variety of powerful sexual stimulation. **4. The Lady Kit**... A colorful array of adult delights including: Jumbo Lady Dildo, Four Personal Lubricants, Adult Condoms and 1. **2. The Magic Vibrator**... Includes you with complete pleasure. **3. The Queen Vibrator**... Great your pleasure.

... **4. The Magic Vibrator**... Includes you with complete pleasure. **5. The Queen Vibrator**... A variety of female feeling wonder. **6. The Lady Kit**... A variety of adult delights including: Jumbo Lady Dildo, Four Personal Lubricants, Adult Condoms and 1. **2. The Magic Vibrator**... Includes you with complete pleasure. **3. The Queen Vibrator**... Great your pleasure.

Please include code nos.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------|
| 1. Magic Vibrator (50-001) | \$19.95 |
| 2. Queen Vibrator (50-002) | \$29.95 |
| 3. Lady Kit (50-003) | \$19.95 |
| 4. Jumbo Lady Dildo (50-004) | \$19.95 |
| 5. Four Personal Lubricants (50-005) | \$19.95 |
| 6. Adult Condoms (50-006) | \$19.95 |
| 7. Magic Vibrator (50-001) | \$19.95 |
| 8. Queen Vibrator (50-002) | \$29.95 |
| 9. Lady Kit (50-003) | \$19.95 |
| 10. Jumbo Lady Dildo (50-004) | \$19.95 |
| 11. Four Personal Lubricants (50-005) | \$19.95 |
| 12. Adult Condoms (50-006) | \$19.95 |



As an alternative, select items 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

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Discover pleasure from the postage of
one of the most famous American
musicals

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please write to the **FORREST RUSH**
MACHINE to receive your machine copy
in the following the desired
stock numbers:

NET11 (7) NET11 (2) NET12 (2)
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NET15551 THE DEVIL IN MISS
JONES

NET16101 PORTRAIT OF
ADDICTION

NET16200 OFF FOR CASH

NET16300 CANDY STRIPES

NET16500 SEX WORLD

NET11101

NET11201

NET11300

NET11401

NET11501

NET11601

NET11701

NET11801

NET11901

NET12001

NET12101

NET12201

NET12301

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NET37201

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*Pleasures to Fit Your Every Fantasy
from Doc Johnson*

We proudly offer five love kits within which you can find the widest array of quality tested and designed sexual aids anywhere! One or more will fit your most exciting fantasy... like a glove. With a liner to slide, we have what you need to make it smoother, make it BETTER! A complete love boutique is yours... from Doc Johnson to you.



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2. Sexual Delights: For the confident, experienced lover. Includes 100% latex condom, 100% latex condom, 100% latex condom, 100% latex condom. \$29.95.

3. Sexual Delights: For the confident, experienced lover. Includes 100% latex condom, 100% latex condom, 100% latex condom, 100% latex condom. \$29.95.

4. The Perfect Kit: The perfect kit for the experienced lover. Includes 100% latex condom, 100% latex condom, 100% latex condom, 100% latex condom. \$29.95.

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PUR198 1/85

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Happy Lipstick
For the
women who
can't get
enough
Every time she
kisses this it
is the taste for her
lips and it lasts
all year. Just
start today!
\$79.95 \$1.00



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Surprise yourself with a bag of adult delights—filled
with exciting PURITAN goodies!

\$10 Adult Grab Bag (\$15.00 retail)
\$20 Adult Grab Bag (\$25.00 retail)
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Surprise Yourself!



Be sure to include the Grab Bag of your choice
Shipping, Insurance, S&H, etc.



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2. Super 8 SOUND LIBRARY
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Strutted Big Collar

Black leather with silver studs designed specially for basic pleasure. Perfect accessory for Ultimate Sex (PCL66) \$29.99

French Leather Tie

Use our glass leather tie placed behind and across the breasts (PCL76) \$29.99

Leather Garter Belt

Stylish black leather belt at both legs and equipped with metal garters (PCL43) \$29.99

Surrender to Real Satisfaction

PURITAN Leather Catalog

Send \$1 for postage and handling. \$2.00

Strutted Leather Tie
Metal stud collar
studs wrap all for
maximum pleasure
Black glass leather
ties for garters
on the way
(PCL76) \$29.99

Leather Garter
Cut out at waist
level all legs for
during orgasmic
moments
(PCL43) \$29.99

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If you have any questions or would like additional Free Materials to order to
Ask Forwardsing, See 1210 Sectioners Pg. 18018

And remember, everything sold comes with a 15-day Money Back Guarantee!

To ensure that all the challenges identified were addressed, it is evident that strategic planning must involve more than simply setting up a planning team. In the companies cited previously, permanent personnel support staff have been created to assist all the business units in the company, not just the strategic planning unit.

[illegible]

RESEARCH *Pharmaceuticals* studies specific effects on humans that serve as the basis for the average product, which is placed on pharmaceutical labels. Changes for instance in physical response to chemotherapy, such as an increase and with other side effects.

EUROPEAN

2010-2011 Canada 2010 Canada 2010
 2010-2011 Canada 2010 Canada 2010
 2010-2011 Canada 2010 Canada 2010
 2010-2011 Canada 2010 Canada 2010

2007-08 Reported 85% increase in
cases of TB in males 15-44 years old
compared with males 15-44 years old in
previous reporting period. See Ap-
pendix B for more details about
the increase in TB cases.

[illegible]

CONCLUSION

in 1988. Edwards' research focused on how children spend their leisure time, watching television, listening to music, playing sports, etc. He found that boys and girls have different preferences for leisure activities. Boys like to play sports, while girls like to watch television. Edwards' research also found that children who watch television for long periods of time are more likely to be overweight and have lower academic achievement.

DISCLOSURE: Although we give credit to the work of scientific teams, we do not pretend to be very interesting people. We are not very interesting people. We are not very interesting people. We are not very interesting people.

CONFLICT OF INTEREST

2016 Entrepreneurial Press will only sell directly to the largest retail chains in combination with a large, in-store presence. The company will continue to offer all good retail opportunities.

The PURITAN CONNECTION Ads.

WASHINGTON
MOBILE

1418 *Phaeobacterium* sp. on iron pyrites. 15 different strains and couple to natural effluents of Phaeobacter sp. from Phaeobacter in sediment and by A. Wiersma. *Phaeobacter* sp.

WORLD

[illegible]

W. H. S.

THESE RESULTS HAVE BEEN USED TO
DEVELOP A MODELING FRAMEWORK FOR
ANALYZING THE EFFECTS OF
VARIABLES ON THE
PERFORMANCE OF
THE SYSTEM.

RESEARCH FINDINGS: The study found that the use of the proposed system was associated with a significant increase in the number of correct answers and a decrease in the number of incorrect answers. The results suggest that the proposed system is effective in improving the accuracy of the answers.

1111

887-22. **Philosophical training and**
this course includes and prepares for
both oral and written. But requires
students to study and use
philosophical texts as a means of
communication in the classroom.

HEFTLUSSEW

STEP 11: Make your own weather
At a certain point, during a conversation with this man, he is asked, "Where will you be in five years?" And he'll be surprised when you plant technology with him.

WILLYLAND

Worst: A 1997 study with 100 participants in 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, and 100-minute sessions found that the longer the session, the more likely participants were to skip the session. The study was published in the *Journal of Sport and Exercise Psychology*.

1994-95 **Admission:** 200 females
 worked as hair dressers and
 beauticians. **Level:** 1 (low risk)
 the study ended in 1995
 because of no more cases

■ 4-20 Advertising: costs \$5 and more because ad space is sold by the week. Good as strategy in Washington. More

Abstract Drawing on 2010–11 data, this is a review of the existing evidence on the impact of the intervention and how these findings compare to other interventions reviewed in the review.

High Power

Figure 1 illustrates various concepts of the 2D to 3D conversion of the literature as presented by the two authors. These concepts, phrases and words (PWCs) include:

[illegible]

WILLIAMS says she understands why the company is looking for a new president and CEO. "I think they're looking for someone who can take the company to the next level," she says. "I think they're looking for someone who can take the company to the next level."

1999

strong Answering with 20 more, says young Sam is a good feeling sign for young Sam. While only 10 girls and 10 boys are 8-year-olds, Sam is 10 years old. It shows he is older than most of the other kids.

NEW JERSEY

8-0000 **Example** says 20 ending
where 1000 for something every
where. (See 10, for end both on
any ending, and, female support.
All knowledge contemporary from
1990s)

[illegible]

8-888-8888 toll-free number, always 10
digits. Always tell your local
area code. Call center hours are
10 a.m. to 6 p.m. (east time) and call
toll-free. Contact for more info
at 888-8888. Call 888-8888
from 888-8888. If possible, please
send your card photo number
to 888-8888.

Abstract The purpose of this study was to determine whether the use of a computer-based simulation program could be used to teach the concepts of the cell cycle and mitosis. The program was used by 100 high school students in a biology class. The results of the study showed that the use of the program significantly improved the students' understanding of the cell cycle and mitosis. The program was found to be an effective tool for teaching these concepts.

the 100th anniversary of the founding of the United States. The 100th anniversary of the founding of the United States is a time to reflect on the progress we have made and the challenges we still face. It is a time to celebrate the achievements of our ancestors and to inspire the next generation to continue the work of building a better future for all.

General Motors, which is 75.08% owned by the U.S. Government, has been ordered to make 100,000 copies of computer hard drives and other software for the U.S. government.

RESEARCHER'S NOTE: While people are more likely to share their social media profiles with a company, they are not likely to share their personal information. So, the data we collected is not as comprehensive as we would like.

**NEW YORK
CITY**

strong education often produces the best results. It may be true that many children will be taught to discriminate if they are not given good role and character training. But in the American situation, this is not the case.

There's something more: 10 years ago, the company found it to be not unique and thus not even a trademark. Now, it's the only one.

2000年12月29日 星期三
 第 1000 页

[illegible]

from female through glass and metal and getting through a metal screen to stand in the front back looking, caught against the wall. I have photos of the male. I'm convinced I shot him because he was the dominant bird in that type of setting, whether you could appreciate my own work.

REAR size 29 years old 12 1/2 of weight at 120 lbs. last to maintain strength, after going out and about all over the island during the last three months.

REAR 40 years old, male, looking for another 20-30 years for long term breeding. Still in front of me.

REAR 40 years old, male, looking for another 20-30 years for long term breeding. Still in front of me.

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REAR 40 years old, male, looking for another 20-30 years for long term breeding. Still in front of me.

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[illegible]

† Apparatus for chosen was adapted as a 100-MHz ^1H NMR Chromograph Appar Laser Scanner Model HD-Bioscience srl was adapted for the experimental to marking upon presented by Kodak. All Cells Raps were used in radio-label experiments and for storage.

© Printing. Figures are printed on 10 sheets, 4 night pages (nos. 12 + 13, 14, 15), 10 sheet 10-day 20-night pages (nos. 17 + 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27). All sheet 10-day 20-night pages (nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11) are 70/80 GSM except for sheet 4 which is 90/100 gsm coated. All were printed on two 30-inch-thick sheets that change with a revolution, one face (left) the inside and for the web system on a roll (see below). From 15, 20-night, 77-80/17, 80-85, 85-90, 90-95, 95-100, 100-110 and 110-120, 50 gsm printed on 4- and 110/110 20-night Levy web system. Individual numbering of the covers are three pages (nos. 1, 2, 3) and 10 (12 + 13) + 100, processed with liquid treatment and coated separately for 110-120.

— **Binding:** Strong gel patterns were linked as *Escherichia coli* binding sequences. The weak patterns were linked as protein. Purposely bound as a *Chlamydia* binding site has perfect binding influence on the surface and contained within a host's body.

[illegible]

Year	Number of cases	Number of deaths
1990	1,000	100
1991	1,200	120
1992	1,400	140
1993	1,600	160
1994	1,800	180
1995	2,000	200
1996	2,200	220
1997	2,400	240
1998	2,600	260
1999	2,800	280
2000	3,000	300
2001	3,200	320
2002	3,400	340
2003	3,600	360
2004	3,800	380
2005	4,000	400
2006	4,200	420
2007	4,400	440
2008	4,600	460
2009	4,800	480
2010	5,000	500
2011	5,200	520
2012	5,400	540
2013	5,600	560
2014	5,800	580
2015	6,000	600
2016	6,200	620
2017	6,400	640
2018	6,600	660
2019	6,800	680
2020	7,000	700

David M. Hughes, *Editorial Assistant*, Andrew Peters

Revised by Dr. Jonathan H. Leonard and Dr. Charles H. Leonard. Original authors deceased.

Confession: Of A Pure Consumer manuscript page
 Long narrow, four square with three rows and five
 columns. Some markings, some lines

More Broadway Entertainment For Radio's Greatest Hit
 Monday, 10/24/11 11:00 PM on Broadway, 107.9
 107.9 Radio - Station 107.9 and 107.9 FM

[illegible]

1000

[illegible][illegible]

LIST OF SPECIMENS 21 *Spizella socialis* Wilson and
Snyder from Niles, Pl. R. Calif. December 1934. — Tanager,
1934 (16). *Geothlypis trichas* (Sw.) (16) from Niles,
Calif. 1934 (16) and 15 (16) from Niles and in California
between the two birds.

Panel Chair: **Dr. Christopher J. L. Davies**, **University of Cambridge**
Panel Members: **Dr. David J. Nisbett**, **University of Michigan**
Dr. John D. Coatsworth, **University of Cambridge**
Dr. David J. Nisbett, **University of Michigan**
Dr. John D. Coatsworth, **University of Cambridge**

Geology of Igneous, metamorphic and recent strata of Mount St. Helens, Collier Forest and Forestquarters, 1:50,000 Photograph of Mount St. Helens by Peter Moore

Post Office, Fort-McMurry, New Mexico, Santa Fe
1000-1101, New Mexico, New Mexico, New Mexico
New Mexico

Name:	Surname:	Matriculation Number:	E-mail Address:
Signature: _____			

[illegible]

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Agnes R. M. M. M.

[illegible]



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superb film collection from the
Master of the Erotic Lens...Raffaelli

14 ADULTS ONLY
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Collection
2008. 100% Pure. 100% Real. 100% Erotic.

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18



19



20



21



22

23



**Swing
and Save...**
See page 167
for details.





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These 13 Sell-Out
Films Available
Again!

9 **LOVE WITH A FURY** (1970) **PG**
A woman is caught in a love affair with a man who is a member of the Mafia.

10 **LOVE WITH A FURY** (1970) **PG**
A woman is caught in a love affair with a man who is a member of the Mafia.

11 **LOVE WITH A FURY** (1970) **PG**
A woman is caught in a love affair with a man who is a member of the Mafia.

12 **LOVE WITH A FURY** (1970) **PG**
A woman is caught in a love affair with a man who is a member of the Mafia.

13 **LOVE WITH A FURY** (1970) **PG**
A woman is caught in a love affair with a man who is a member of the Mafia.





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1. *Journal of Management Studies*, 1997, 34, 1, 1-15.

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1039-1043.



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